ANGELS

OF THE

BATTLEFIELD.

A History of the Labors of the Catholic Sisterhoods in the Late Civil War.

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BY GEORGE BARTON.

...1897...

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CHAPTER XVII.

SISTERS OF CHARITY OF NAZARETH.

Bishop Spalding sends a letter to General Anderson tendering the services of the Sisters. The offer accepted and the volunteers assigned to work in the hospitals in and around Louisville. "Oh, Sister, put your head down by me and don't leave me." The martyrdom of Sister Mary Lucy. Tender-hearted soldiers keep a vigil around the coffin with blazing torches made of pine knots.

The main body of the Sisters of Charity were not alone in their devotion to the sick and wounded soldiers. During the trying days between 1861 and 1865 no body of men or women did more for suffering humanity than the patient, zealous Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, then, as now, of Bardstown, Kentucky. A score of Sisters in that community offered themselves and their services without pay and without hope of earthly reward of any character. It was in the spring of 1861, the opening year of the civil war, that Bishop Martin John Spalding sent a formal communication to General Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, then in command of the Department of Kentucky, tendering the services of the Sisters of Char-

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ity of Nazareth to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers. Their services were willingly accepted, and the understanding was that the Sisters were to work in the hospitals in and around Louisville.

Three large manufacturing establishments in the city of Louisville had been placed at the service of the Government and were being used as hospitals at that time. The rooms were long, and lines of cots extended along each side. The hospitals were divided into sections and each section was placed under the watchful charge of a Sister of Charity. The system that characterized the three establishments was such that no sufferer was neglected or without a nurse. This was in striking contrast with the disorder and lack of system that had prevailed prior to the advent of the Sisters. There were twenty-three Sisters in the three hospitals, in charge of an army surgeon, and they worked faithfully from their entrance into the hospitals until the close of the war, without a cent of compensation.

There had been one battle and several severe skirmishes in Kentucky about that time, and when the Sisters arrived at the hospitals the scene was enough to bring tears into the eyes of the most hardened. A great many Confederates had been captured and were being held as prisoners of war. Within the walls of the hospitals hundreds of Union men and Confederates lay groaning in a common agony. Those that were not mortally wounded and that had not submitted to the amputation of a leg or an arm were raving in the worst forms of fever or had contracted erysipelas, pneumonia and kindred ailments. About it all there was a heroism that was touching, and as the Sisters passed from cot to cot many

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a soldier suffering with a shattered limb or bullet-pierced body lifted his wan face and gave forth a smile of welcome and of recognition.

The Sisters soothed the restless patients, bathed the fevered brows and moistened the parched lips "with a touch impartially tender." The attitude of the men themselves was not without interest. Many of them had never seen a Sister before; the majority of them looked upon the Sisters with distrust and suspicion. The change that came in a short while came as actual knowledge comes when it dissipates prejudice and misrepresentation. They could not help but be impressed with the quiet demeanor and the self-sacrifice of the Sisters, and unreasoning dislike and bigotry soon gave way to natural respect and esteem.

But the beauty of the Sisters' lives, their habit of thinking of all but themselves, had its effect upon many a hardened sinner. Five hundred men died in "hospital number one," and of that number only one passed away seemingly indifferent to his future.

An incident told by one of the surviving Sisters carries a moral with it. One of the soldiers in the hospital, a Catholic, refused to do anything for the benefit of his soul. His end seemed to be approaching and he was transferred to some other place, where he could be reasoned into submission and repentance. A man who occupied a cot near that of the unrepentant Catholic had heard the Sisters pleading with him. He listened with a thoughtful manner, and when the hard hearted man had been removed, called a Sister to his side. He begged to be further instructed in the Catholic faith. His request was complied with, he was baptized, confessed, received Holy

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Communion and finally died a most holy and edifying death.

The parish priests of Louisville and several of the Jesuit Fathers paid regular visits to the hospitals. Each priest came on an average of three times a day, but there was not a moment during the day or night when a priest was not within easy call. The Sisters by their forethought and intelligence made the work of the clergy comparatively easy. A man who desired to be baptized was prepared by the Sisters and ready when the priest arrived. Those to whom it was necessary to administer the last rites of the Church were gradually brought to realize the importance of these rites by these same Sisters. So it was from day to day, from week to week, from month to month. The Sisters were unflagging in their devotion to the men in their charge. They nursed, they prayed, they consoled, in fact, as more than one grateful soldier exclaimed, proved themselves little short of earthly angels.

A pathetic scene took place one day in "hospital number two." A young soldier, a Catholic and a Scotchman, lay on his death-bed, far from home and family and country, but surrounded by all the loving devotion of the Sisters. He knew that his end was at hand and had been prepared by all of the sacred rites of the Church for his journey into the great unknown. He was slowly expiring from a fatal wound and was unable to move.

In a feeble voice he asked the Sister to hand him a package of letters that he had read over and over again, and which he always kept in view. They were given him and he read them over once again and for the last time. After that he selected several from the package and placing them close to his heart said

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slowly, but distinctly: "Sister, leave them here until I am dead. That will not be long. Then send them to my father and mother in Scotland. Tell them that I thought of them until the last. Get the money that is coming to me. Give some of it for Masses for an offering for my soul and forward the remainder to my parents. Now I am ready to die. Good-bye." With a faint smile he closed his eyes and in a short time the spirit had fled from his youthful body. The instructions were carried out to the letter, as were the last wishes of all the dying soldiers whenever it was possible and practicable. One of the most important tasks of the Sisters was to write to the near relatives of the deceased, giving accounts of their last moments and delivering entrusted messages from the dying.

On more than one occasion the Sisters supplied the place of a mother to the wounded and the dying. Many a pathetic death-bed scene is still fresh in the memory of the now venerable Sisters who have survived those trying times. They were able to repress their emotions in most cases, but there were times when nature asserted itself, and the tears of compassion flowed freely. This was especially the case when drummer boys and buglers—mere children—were brought into the hospitals. In such cases all the tenderness of the Sisters' gentle natures went out in abundance to the wounded "lambs," as they delighted to call the young ones. One day three blue-eyed, fair-haired lads in soldier attire were brought into "hospital number one." They were ill of typhoid pneumonia and they were in an advanced stage, too. They were placed on cots side by side and there they lay for days, uncomplaining and innocent, giving expression to the quaintest thoughts

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in the most childish way. They were like brothers, although they were not, and all three were of about the same height and age. The gratitude they expressed to the Sisters was more by their manner than anything they said.

One afternoon one of the three looked up at the Sister who was nursing him, and with a wistful look in his blue eyes exclaimed: "Oh, you are such a good lady; just like my mother to me." In spite of the care that was lavished on them the three little heroes died, as so many heroes have died—unknown, unhonored and unsung. In the same room another lad of twelve or thirteen, whose life was fast ebbing away, cried out: "Oh, Sister, put your head right down by me and don't leave me." The request was complied with, and the little fellow clasped the Sister about the neck and never let go his hold until grim death relaxed it soon afterward. Who could look on such scenes unmoved! Many boys died thus. Death seemed to pluck the choicest and freshest of the earth to make its bouquets during those four fearful years. The Sisters' care of their "lambs" after their death was as tender and reverential as it had been in life. Their eyes were closed with a prayer, their silken locks parted and their little hands folded as if in supplication to the Divine mercy. Who can doubt but what the blessings of heaven were showered upon these innocent, heroic souls?

The Sisters were "always on duty," and sometimes the duty was more severe than at others. After great battles, such as Shiloh, the hospitals were hardly able to accommodate the hundreds that were brought there. When the orderlies had performed the first essential service for the newcomer he would be taken in charge by the Sisters.

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Refreshing draughts and nourishing food were intermingled with the remedies that would be administered from time to time. The ladies of Louisville were frequent visitors at the hospitals, and they brought many delicacies for the sick and the wounded. At length near the close of the war the Sisters were recalled to their home from the Louisville hospitals. The recall came none too soon for the survivors, as they stood much in need of rest and change of air. For nearly three years they had been confined in the close wards of the three hospitals, and this not unnaturally had its effect upon their health. Many of them overestimated their strength and their powers of endurance. Some died in the hospitals, others soon after, at a premature age.

The actual number of Catholic Sisters who laid down their lives during the civil war, that their fellow-creatures might live, will probably never be known, but there is no question that hundreds did so. Their names are not cut upon any earthly monuments, but they are surely emblazoned in letters of gold in the great book of the Recording Angel. The Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, as Mother Carrol could have testified, furnished their full quota of fair martyrs. Many instances have been lost in the long number of years that have elapsed since the closing of the war, but several well-authenticated cases still linger freshly in the minds of those that were witnesses of the great struggle. One of these is particularly pathetic. Sister Mary Lucy, one of the sweetest young members of the Order, richly endowed by nature, was the music teacher in St. Mary's Academy, at Paducah. When the exigencies of war compelled the temporary abandonment of this institution, Sister Mary Lucy volunteered as one

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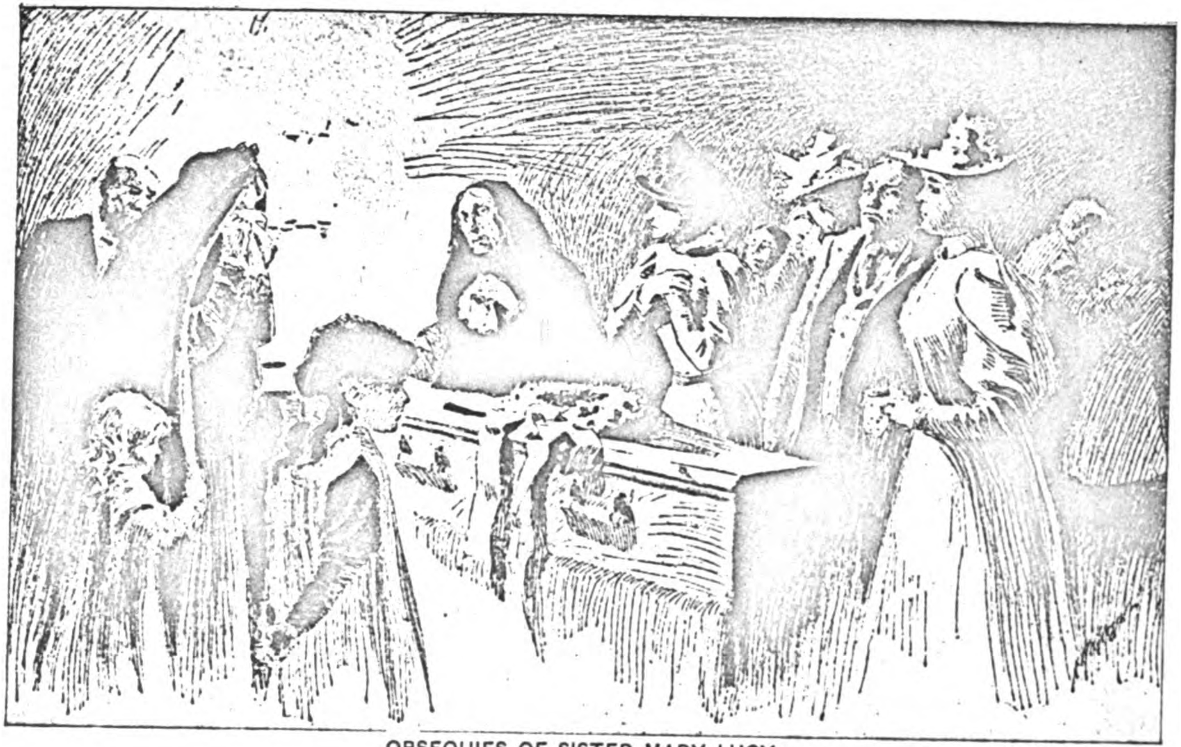

OBSEQUIES OF SISTER MARY LUCY.

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of the hospital nurses. She was assigned to some of the severest typhoid cases, and the manner in which she nursed these patients won for her the unqualified praise of the hospital doctors and attendants.

The post of honor in this instance proved to be the post of danger. Sister Mary Lucy contracted the fever from one of her patients who was convalescent. This was in the latter part of December, during the first year of the war. Despite the best medical attention she rapidly grew worse, until December 29, when she expired as calmly and heroically as she had lived. Her death cast a gloom over the entire hospital, and the soldiers of both armies were filled with admiration and awe at the martyrdom of this gentle soul. They determined that she should be honored in death as she had been in life, and that her final obsequies should be of a character befitting her great merits.

Several files of soldiers marched with muffled drums and noiseless tread from the Central Hospital to the Ohio River, bearing in the midst of them the remains. There the coffin was placed in a gunboat in waiting, which had been especially designated for this service. Then the boat slowly steamed away, bearing its honored burden under a flag of truce to Uniontown, Ky. On landing, the remains were borne to St. Vincent's Academy, some miles distant, where the Sisters own a considerable tract of land and where they have a last resting place for their dead. Father Powers, at that time pastor of the Catholic Church at Paducah, said the Solemn Mass of Requiem and accompanied the body to the grave and recited over it the last offices of the Church, of which the deceased had been such an exemplary member. A guard of devoted soldiers watched by the coffin day and night from the time it left

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the Central Hospital until the earth covered it from mortal view. At night the tender-hearted warriors kept their vigil around the coffin with blazing torches made of pine knots. Sister Mary Lucy was born in the vicinity of the spot where she was buried. She received her education at St. Vincent's Academy, became a Daughter of Charity and died in the performance of her duty. This is the short but brilliant life history of one heroic woman.

A letter dated Louisville, February 1, 1862, written by one of the army surgeons to Mother Francis Gardner, contained the following announcement: "I regret very much to have to inform you of the death of Sister Catherine at the General Hospital in this city. She, as well as the other Sisters at the hospital, has been untiring and most efficient in nursing the sick soldiers. The military authorities are under the greatest obligations to the Sisters of your Order."

Still another conspicuous loss was soon to be felt in the death of Sister Appollonia, the directress of "No. 1 Hospital." She served long and faithfully in this post and won warm commendation from stern soldiers, who, whatever else their faults, were never guilty of flattery. She was a woman of great executive ability, and was instrumental in causing order to come out of chaos in the hospital over which she presided. Her zeal was great. Not content to direct affairs, she also nursed individual cases. It was while engaged in this work that she contracted typhoid fever, from which she soon after died. She had endeared herself to the soldiers by her kind and motherly treatment of them, and her death caused universal regret.

The manner in which the Sisters were treated by the soldiers had in it a blending of the humorous and the sub-

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lime. Those of the Sisters that live to tell the tale say that nothing was wanting in the courtesy with which they were invariably considered by the men of both armies. On Sundays they were given especial consideration. They were escorted to Mass by a military guard of honor, and received the military salute in passing to and fro in the neighborhood of the hospital and the camps. Some of the invalid soldiers imagined that every Sister carried a charm about her, and was thus protected from the contagious diseases that caused such sad havoc among the men. But the supposed charms were not always successful in preventing the Sisters from wearing the martyr's crown in death. The only charms they carried, as the soldiers soon discovered, were blameless lives, absolute devotion to duty and entire self-forgetfulness.

There was one modest institution near the three large hospitals in Louisville where a great amount of good was done in an unostentatious manner. This was St. Joseph's Infirmary, conducted by the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth. This was generally filled in war times with wounded officers and other invalids connected with both armies. The good done there, though not quite as conspicuous as elsewhere, was lasting, and bore fruit in after years.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

MORE ABOUT NAZARETH.

Bardstown occupied successively by the Union and the Confederate troops. Six Sisters start for Lexington under a flag of truce. A courteous letter from Brigadier General Wood. Ex-Secretary of State Guthrie applies to President Lincoln for protection to the Nazareth Convent. A brief sketch of a famous school and some of its distinguished graduates.

Bardstown, three miles distant from Nazareth Academy, in Nelson County, Ky., was occupied successively by the Union and the Confederate armies. Some hostile engagements had taken place in the vicinity of the town and in the neighboring counties, and as a result the place was kept in a state of feverish anxiety. The victorious and the defeated were attended with the usual result, killed and wounded men and sickness and suffering on all sides. Here again the peaceful aid of the Sisters came at an opportune time. Fully aware of the great need there was for experienced nurses, the Mother in charge of Nazareth sent a devoted band of Sisters to the Baptist Female College in Bardstown, which had been temporarily fitted up for hospital uses. On their arrival they found that they had to care for a large number

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of disabled Confederate soldiers. They quickly began their humane work and carried it to a successful completion. The Confederates were on the march, and their wounds had to be bound up quickly or not at all. When they had withdrawn from the town, taking with them their convalescents, the Union forces came in. Their sick and wounded were also nursed by another band of the same Sisters at St. Joseph's College, which was conducted by the Jesuit fathers, but which, of course, at that time was not in educational use. Thus in the midst of civil strife, with the bullets flying thick and fast, did the Sisters work under one flag—a flag that was respected by Northerner and Southerner alike—the flag of humanity.

Some of the episodes connected with the work of the Sisters was of an exciting and dramatic nature. Late one night in September, 1862, twelve Confederate soldiers in their gloomy gray uniforms marched into Nazareth, after a wearisome journey from Lexington, Ky. They were received, as all visitors are, with kindness and hospitality. They came to ask the Sisters to nurse their sick and wounded comrades. The request was granted at once.

"How many Sisters can you spare for the work?"

"Six now and more later, if necessary," was the prompt reply.

"When will they be ready to return with us?"

"This very night, and at once," was the incisive reply.

Such promptness was as surprising as it was pleasing to the couriers. That very night six Sisters, without anything beyond the familiar garb which they wore, their usual rosaries and a few books of devotion, started on their mission, ready, if need be, to offer up their lives in what they believed to be the service of God. They proceeded

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on their long journey under the protection of a flag of truce. Resting in a farmhouse one night and in Frankfort, the capital of the State, the next, they finally reached Lexington in safety. In a few hours they were installed in one of the large halls in that city, which had been fitted up for hospital purposes, and without any preliminaries they began at once to minister to the sufferers who were collected there. Later in the same year another band of Sisters of Nazareth nursed the Union soldiers in one of the colleges in another quarter of the city. As far as can be ascertained this was Transylvania University.

Events that took place about that time proved that the Sisters believed no material sacrifices were too great when made in the cause of suffering humanity. In the spring of 1862 General Smith, who was then in command of the Union troops, nearly seven thousand strong, in Paducah, Southern Kentucky, asked the Nazareth Sisters to come to the assistance of the many sick and wounded soldiers scattered about that city. He had been advised to make the request by Dr. Hewit, who had the general superintendence of all the hospitals in that section of the country. Dr. Hewit was a man of great executive ability, who stood in the very forefront of his profession. He had great faith in the ability of the Sisters as nurses. He was a convert to the Catholic Church, and a brother of the saintly superior of the Paulist Fathers of New York city. As no communication could be had with the Mother of the house at Nazareth at this time, owing to the disturbed condition of affairs, the request caused the Sisters some perplexity. Only for a time, though. A conclusion was soon reached. Sister Martha Drury at that time was at the head of St. Mary's Academy, probably the leading educa-

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tional institution in Paducah. She resolved to close the schools and go with all of her Sisters to the relief of the soldiers. They went first to the Marine Hospital and then moved to the Court House, which was known as the Central Hospital. Their experiences in this place were similar to those of the Sisters who were engaged in the hospitals at Louisville.

Their greatest difficulty was experienced in caring for those soldiers who were afflicted with contagious diseases. Typhoid and similar fevers also held sway in their most virulent form. The havoc that war had made in the human frame was painfully evident in this particular hospital. After the close of the war the Sisters returned to their academy, which exists in the town to-day in a flourishing condition. It will ever remain as a monument to that brave little band of Sisters who gave up their peaceful pursuits to minister to the afflicted, and it will ever be pointed out as the house from which Sister Mary Lucy, the gentle music teacher, went forth to meet her martyrdom—a martyrdom as blessed in the sight of heaven as any ever undergone by the saints of old.

The gentleness and devotion with which the Sisters nursed all of the wounded soldiers, no matter what the color of their uniform and regardless of rank, was not unappreciated by either "the boys in blue" or "the boys in gray." Throughout the whole of the war, with but few exceptions, their institutions, mother houses and places of learning were exempt from the usual ravages of internecine strife. This is especially true of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth. Being in close proximity to the contending armies and their camps, great apprehensions were felt at one time for the safety of Nazareth. This, too, in

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spite of the fact that the daughters and other relatives of the general officers of both sides were still pupils in the school. At intervals during the war some of the generals called at Nazareth for the purpose of visiting their children. On these occasions they were always hospitably entertained. Although the Sisters felt comparatively safe, they desired some official assurance of that fact. As is usual in such cases, over-timid persons, generally friends of the pupils, now and then sounded alarms. The following letter, received by the Mother Superior from General Wood, the original of which is still in possession of the Sisters, reassured the community that it need not fear an intrusion of the military into the sacred precincts. General Wood was in command of the Union troops:

"Headquarters U. S. Forces,
"Bardstown, Ky., January 20, 1862.

"To the Lady Superior and Sisters of the Convent of Nazareth: I have just had the pleasure to receive by the hands of your messenger the very polite and complimentary note of the Right Rev. Bishop Spalding, and I hasten to apprise you that it is my earnest desire and intention to afford you perfect protection and the enjoyment of all your rights both as an institution and as ladies individually. It is my earnest wish and intention to secure you and your ancient institution (which has educated so many of the fair daughters of my own native State, Kentucky), from all molestation and intrusion, and to this end I pray you will not hesitate to make known to me any grievances you may have on account of any misconduct on the part of any officer or soldier under my command. I assure you it will be equally my duty and my pleasure to attend to any request you may have to make. I beg you to dismiss all apprehensions on account of the presence of the soldiery in your sacred neighborhood, and to continue your peace-

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ful and beneficent vocations as if the clangor of arms did not resound in our midst.

"I have the honor to be, ladies, your very obedient servant, Th. J. Wood,

"Brigadier General Commanding.

"Will you do me the favor to send the accompanying note to Bishop Spalding?"

Later on Nazareth must again have been in dread of military trespass, for one of its patrons, Hon. James Guthrie, of Louisville, Secretary of State under a previous administration, applied to President Lincoln for protection for the institution. The President graciously issued the necessary orders, saying that the violation of such orders by any of the commanders would invoke his serious displeasure.

General Smith, Doctors Hewit, Fry, Kay, Austin and the officers of the Union army surrounded the Sisters with every mark of respect and esteem, and they in turn devoted all their energies to ameliorating the condition of the suffering soldiers.

In addition to the labors of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth already mentioned, they did very effective work in the neighborhood of Owensboro and Calhoun, Ky. At the last-named place the sick and wounded soldiers were quartered in the two Protestant churches of the town. The Sisters entered these places and attended the sufferers there with the same diligence and patience that characterized their work in every other locality. When Sisters had to be removed on account of their own illness, their places were promptly supplied by other Sisters. Reinforcements were on hand to fill every gap in the ranks. As before mentioned, the Sisters of Nazareth neither re-

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quired nor received compensation of any sort. The hundreds of brave souls that have passed away since the war have no doubt ere this received their reward in a better world. Dr. Foster, who was engaged in the Louisville hospitals while the Sisters were there, wrote eulogistic articles about them in the Louisville papers at that time, but unfortunately these papers were not preserved.

The famous convent school from which these Sisters came forth to do their great work is worthy of more than passing notice. The organization known as the "Sisters of Charity of Nazareth" was founded by Right Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, D. D., who was consecrated the first Bishop of Bardstown (now the Diocese of Louisville) in 1810. Henry Clay, who knew this good man well, pronounced him "the best representative of royalty off the throne." The Bishop, with Rev. John B. David, built the little log cabin near Bardstown which was to be the birthplace of the new order. It was a success from the start. This was largely due to the piety and administrative capacity of the mothers in charge. They were sketched in an article in the "Catholic World" a few years ago. The first of these was Catherine Spalding, a member of the eminent Kentucky family of that name. She held the position of Superior for more than a quarter of a century, and by her great intellect and modesty won the affection and admiration of all with whom she came in contact. On her death, in 1858, she was attended by another distinguished member of her family, Right Rev. Martin J. Spalding. After her came Mother Frances Gardiner, who proved a worthy successor to a worthy Superior.

The last of this notable trio was Mother Columbo Carroll, in the world Margaret Carroll. For thirty-five years

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she was directress of studies and teacher of the first and second classes. In 1862, when the civil war was beginning to rage fiercely, she was elected Superioress, and for ten years held that position with credit to herself and the convent-school.

While Mother Columbo took no active part in caring for wounded soldiers, she was nevertheless the presiding genius of the establishment at that time, and directed the movements of the Sisters with extraordinary tact and good judgment. She held many interviews with persons in power, and thus warded off many annoyances and troubles. The occasion of Mother Columbo's golden jubilee was celebrated with great fervor by the community on February 22, 1877. A drama, written by Sister Seraphia, entitled "Religion's Tribute to Our Mother on Her Golden Jubilee," was performed by the pupils, and was one of the most successful features of an elaborate programme. One of the touching incidents of the celebration was a poem inspired by the venerable Sister Martha, one of the original five that started at "Old Nazareth," and addressed to Mother Columbo. Mother Columbo was one of the first pupils under the care of Sister Martha. The following lines from this graceful offering are worthy of a place here:

There are many to-day, dear mother,
  Who are crowning your head with gold,
And writing fine things of the record
  Your fifty long years have told.
And, I too, should come with the others,
  My offering before you to cast;
But I am old, and my thoughts, dear mother,
  Somehow will fain run on the past.

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On the days when our Naz'reth, dear Naz'reth,
Was not like what Naz'reth is now;
When we lived like the ravens and sparrows,
Our dear Lord only knew how.
Then we spun, and we wove, and we labored
Like men in the fields, and our fare
Was scanty enough, and our garments
Were coarse, and our feet often bare.

In the following year Mother Columbo's earthly career closed, but the force of her example still lives in the hearts of those who were fortunate enough to be her pupils and associates. Mothers Catherine, Frances and Columbo made a truly wonderful trio. They helped to give Nazareth the reputation it enjoys to-day, and while the school exists their memory will endure. The Sisters of Charity of Nazareth are particularly known in Kentucky, and they are to be found wherever suffering humanity calls.

The ancient house at Nazareth is the mother from which have sprung forty-seven branch houses in various parts of the country—schools, orphan asylums and hospitals. Perhaps the most conspicuous of the latter is the "Mary and Elizabeth Hospital," in Louisville, founded by William Shakespeare Cardwell as a memorial to his wife and a tribute to the Sisters who educated her. The mother house is located a few miles south of Bardstown, which is forty miles from Louisville. The buildings are extensive and imposing. There is a presbytery, a convent and academy, a chapel and the commencement hall. In the old-fashioned hall are full-length portraits of Bishops Flaget and David and Father Chambige. The library contains five thousand volumes, and in the corner is an excellent bust of the late Archbishop Spalding. Mother

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Helena is the present Superior, and in the administration of her office she has clung to the best traditions of the past.

I am sure I will be pardoned for digressing sufficiently from the main subject of this volume to mention a few of the distinguished patrons and graduates of this institution. The patrons included Henry Clay, who sent his daughter, granddaughter and great-granddaughter there; Judge Benjamin Winchester, John J. Crittenden, Judge John Rowan, Zachary Taylor, Jefferson Davis, James Guthrie, George D. Prentice and Charles Wickliffe. The graduates include Sarah Knox Taylor, daughter of President Zachary Taylor; Madame Henrietta Spalding, now Superior of the Sacred Heart Convent, in Chicago; the first wife of Jefferson Davis; Mary Eliza, daughter of James Breckinridge, of Kentucky; Mary Gwendoline Caldwell, the original benefactress of the Washington University; the wife of United States Senator Vance, of North Carolina; the four nieces of Jefferson Davis, all converts; Mary Anderson, whose professional career is as much a matter of pride to the good Sisters as her private virtues, and Miss Taney, the author of the State poem, "The Pioneer Women of Kentucky," written for the World's Fair. Such is the institution that furnished so many nurses for the camps and the hospitals.

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CHAPTER XIX.

SISTERS OF MT. ST. VINCENT.

A joint request from the Mayor of Cincinnati and the Archbishop of the Diocese promptly answered. Appalling sights witnessed by the Sisters. Young men seated on their own coffins prepare for execution. General Rosecrans and his kindness to the Sisters. The Governor of Indiana calls for nurses. Labors in Kentucky.

The work done by the Sisters of Charity of Mount St. Vincent during the war was of a high order. The first of the Sisters to enter the service as nurses were Sisters Anthony and Sophia. Both were sent to Camp Dennison, Cincinnati, O., on the 1st of May, 1861. On the evening before that date a peculiar holy calm was upon the beautiful convent, which is located on a hill top, just within the limits of Cincinnati. The structure, surrounded by cedar trees and well-cultivated grounds, had in it the appearance of nobility, religion, peace and charity. The golden rays of the setting sun glanced, then darkened as the Sisters were enjoying their evening walk. A messenger suddenly called for the Superior. The Mother leaves her religious family to attend to business. Only a few minutes elapse when she

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returns to inform her Sisters that his honor, the Mayor of Cincinnati, and the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell earnestly request the Sisters of Charity to attend the sick troops who are stationed at Camp Dennison. There were no commands; all willingly volunteered to nurse the sick soldiers. Preparations were quickly made, and on May 1, 1861, five members of the community were named for the camp. Sisters Sophia and Anthony were sent in advance, and Sisters Bernardine, Alphonse and Magdalen followed. Camp Dennison was situated about fifteen miles from Cincinnati, on the Little Miami Railroad. This location was advantageous for many reasons—easy of access, with ample space and abundance of water, level and suitable for military purposes. Mother Josephine, the presiding Superior, accompanied the Sisters to this new home. Their duties consisted principally in attending the soldiers who were suffering from measles, which had broken out in the ranks in the very worst form. After these soldiers had recovered health the Sisters returned to the Mother Superior House at Cedar Grove, Cincinnati.

After the return from Camp Dennison a hasty call was received from the Mayor of Cumberland to attend the sick and wounded of that place. Sister Anthony was among the number, and an amusing incident is related of the Sisters' leave-taking. As the good-byes were being said the train moved off, carrying only Sister Anthony. She arrived in Columbus some hours in advance of the others, who boarded the next train. Arriving at the station in Columbus she received a telegram from the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati to return immediately to St. John's Hospital to prepare for the sick and wounded soldiers who were there, being brought from

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different places. The Sisters named for Cumberland were Sisters Sophia, Ambrosia, Ettiene, Agnes, Jane, Mary, Gabriella. There they were kindly received by a Catholic family. Dr. McMahon, the attending physician, was kind and attentive.

The weather was cold, the accommodations poor and the hospitals, of which there were twelve, were some distance from each other. There were crowded into these hospitals at one time 2200 poor soldiers, suffering from typhoid fever, pneumonia, erysipelas, etc. The duties were very trying, but a murmur never escaped from the lips of one Sister of Charity. Almighty God and His glory being their only aim, all seemed easy. "Sad and numerous were the scenes we witnessed in those hospitals," says one of the Sisters, "yet none presents itself more vividly to my mind to-day than the suffering of the boy soldiers longing for home and mother. How often were those endearing words, 'Mother,' 'Home,' mentioned!"

Sister Jane says: "I had in my ward a droll boy named Billy. Now, our Billy had watched the Sisters for some time and addressed me thus: 'Lady, what is that I hear the boys call you? Sister! Ah, that is a beautiful name. Well, Sister, will you give me your Bible? I would like to know something of your religion." Billy received the little Bible, or rather a small catechism, of which he made good use. He was soon baptized, made his first holy communion, and his zeal did not end here. "Often have I seen him on a platform explaining the words of his catechism to his comrades, many of whom became fervent children of the Church. Many hundreds of like instances could be cited, but I trust they are written in the Book of Life."

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Sister Agnes spent about three months in Cumberland nursing the sick soldiers. She then returned to St. John's Hospital, Cincinnati, to nurse the soldiers who were being sent from Richmond and Nashville to the city. "It was here I witnessed the most appalling sights," she says; "men wanting arms or legs, and sometimes wanting both arms and legs—pale, haggard faces, worn from long marching and fasting. Many, I think, died of broken hearts. Faces and voices haunt me yet, calling for home and dear ones whom they were destined never again to behold on earth. The streets of this now flourishing city were then the scenes of extreme suffering and misery. Frequently fine young men, seated on their own coffins, passed through on their way to execution on some neighboring hillside."

About the 16th of February the Sisters received a hasty call from Cumberland. Mother Josephine and Rev. Father Collins were to accompany them to the scene of their duties. They reached Wheeling about 5 P. M. the next day, and received hospitality from the Visitation Nuns. The next morning, in the face of a blinding storm of sleet and snow, the Sisters started for Cumberland, where they were met at the station by Dr. McMahon, the surgeon of the post. They walked in procession through the streets, and were the objects of much curiosity. That evening they secured some rooms, but slept on the floor. The next morning they were assigned some apartments in the house of a Southern gentleman, Dr. Healy, whose sympathy with the South compelled him to leave home and family. The accommodations here were little better than at the hotel. The bunks were made of rough boards, cov-

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ered with straw ticks, and the pillows were of the same material.

Pages would not suffice to relate all the good done in Cumberland. Often during the stillness of night one might have gazed on a Sister as she stood at the cot of a dying soldier, heard her whisper words of consolation and religion in his ears, saw her close gently his dying eyes. Thus they passed long, weary nights.

Early in March, 1863, the Sisters of Mount St. Vincent, who had already done valiant service in other localities, were invited to go to Nashville to nurse the sick and wounded of that place. Those named were Sisters Anthony, Constantina, Louise, Benedicta and Gabriella. They left Cincinnati March 19, 1863, and were accompanied by Rev. Father Tracy. There were four hospitals at this place, fairly well adapted for their purpose. Sister Constantina, who took charge of the first one, proved to be an angel of mercy to the poor invalids. The building was formerly an old cotton mill, located on an eminence known as College Hill. The Sisters were quartered in a small house opposite to this place, and during their stay were treated with the greatest consideration. Many of the wounded were sent to this place after the battle of Stone River. Most of the patients were young, and they suffered intense agony.

At one time measles became quite epidemic among the soldiers, from which many of them died. It was during the mission at this place that General Rosecrans, with his body-guard, made daily visits to the sick. He was wont to say in his kind, jovial way: "Come, come, boys, you are foxing; these Sisters are too good to you," then laugh heartily at his remarks. He was very kind to all the

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BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK.

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Sisters. The next important call to duty was at New Creek. The Sisters of Charity named for this colony were Sister Sophia, in charge, assisted by Sisters Ann, Cecelia, Beatrice, Stainlaus, Etienne, Laurence and Benedicta. The chaplain was Rev. Father Corcoran.

From the diary of one of the above-named Sisters the following is extracted: "We left Cedar Grove Academy June 9, 1862, for New Creek. Arriving at our destination, we were assigned a tent, erected for our accommodation by order of Dr. McMahon. This gentleman, however, soon procured better quarters for us with a family named Dinges. Here we performed our duties of nursing the sick and wounded with energy and zeal. During our stay at New Creek we were treated with great kindness and respect, particularly by Colonel Miller, who, although a Protestant, proved a sincere friend of priest and Sisters.

"It is not surprising that our peculiar dress was a source of amusement to many persons who had never before seen a religious. We were frequently asked why we dressed so differently from other ladies. We are happy to relate that our care and kindness removed many prejudices against our religion. We remained at New Creek about three months; then the army moved to Culpepper Court House. We followed in ambulances and nursed the sick soldiers in pitched tents on the camp grounds. Some of the soldiers had typhoid fever, of which disease many of them died. When the Confederates were victorious at Harper's Ferry we retreated to Washington, whence we returned to the Mother house, Cincinnati."

Gallipolis was the next assignment. The Sisters named for the field of charity were Sisters Louis, Ambrosia, Euphrasia, Basilia, Gonzaga, Laurence, Constantina and Seraphine. About eight months after their re-

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turn from Cumberland they were ordered to this location to attend the soldiers from Winchester and Lynchburg. The wounded did not reach the hospitals until fourteen days after the battle. The misery and suffering presented was most frightful. The attending physician was Dr. Stone, and the chaplain was Rev. Father Callenberg. Sister Gonzaga, a very holy person, who has since gone to her reward, took quite an interest in little Toby, a little darky, who was conspicuous about the camp, and who endeavored, whenever an opportunity occurred, of instructing him in the knowledge and love of God. When she thought she had instructed him sufficiently and an examination would not be out of place, she called him to her and said: "Toby, who made you?"

"Dun no, Sister," he answered.

She then said to him: "Well, Toby, who made the trees, the grass, the flowers and all these beautiful things which we see around us?"

The little fellow looked at her for awhile and said: "Dun no; dey was all hyar when I comed."

The soldiers in Gallipolis acted as gentlemen in their intercourse with the Sisters. The sight of a Sister was sufficient to check the least levity. Men who had been taught to look on Catholics as dangerous people learned to love and respect the faith which taught even women to sacrifice their lives for the comfort or relief of the soldiers.

The Governor of Indiana made application to the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati for the Sisters to care for and nurse his troops in Richmond, Ky. Sisters Anthony and Sophia were among the first ones sent. They traveled in ambulances from Cincinnati. The following are extracts from the diaries of these religious:

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"Much, very much, might be said of our work at Richmond, but God alone could tell the story. En route from here (Cincinnati) we witnessed sights the most appalling; the grounds were covered with wounded, dying and dead bodies. Some of the dead bodies were only partially covered, hands and feet protruding. The weather being very hot added not a little to the hardships of this scene of action.

"Arriving in Richmond, we began work immediately. The hospital had been an academy, affording wards larger and better than many other locations during the war. Shortly after attending to those suffering from the most severe wounds, a Sister discovered a poor soldier crouched in a corner. For hours he had lain under the burning rays of the sun, suffering severely from a wound received in his shoulder. The flesh surrounding the wound was dreadfully mangled, and owing to neglect was swarming with vermin. Pale and haggard he looked. I shall never forget him. We washed and dressed his wounds and administered the necessary cordials, and when we placed him in a clean cot the reader may imagine his joy.

"Another ward in this hospital accommodated more than one hundred men. Seventeen were lying on the floor, each of whom had lost one or more limbs. 'What shall we do with these poor men?' was the constant query.

"The first death that occurred was of a man who had been shot through the lung. He had been exposed to the heat of the sun, and had eaten no food for hours. Everything was done for him, but his moments on earth were few. He received the last sacraments and died a beautiful death. His last words were: 'Thanks to the Sisters.' This death and its attending circumstances were the cause of many conversions. One pious Episcopalian asked the

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Sisters for books on the subject of religion, saying that 'a religion which teaches gentle ladies such devoted self-sacrifice for suffering humanity must be divine.'

"No page in history can record such noble deeds of courage and devotion as that illuminating the life and labors of these Sisters during their stay at Richmond. Particularly noble was our much esteemed Sister Anthony. (1)

"History can point to annals of devotion and self-sacrifice of noble women, but no annals are so rich in noble work and silent charity as that of our loved Sister. Hundreds of men scattered over the States will always remember and revere her. She seemed happy when engaged in alleviating the sufferings of others, particularly of the soldiers."

The following anecdote from the diary of a Sister illustrates the influence that the religious possessed with these soldier boys:

"It is midnight. The moon sends her welcome light to cheer my watching hours. There is stillness all around, although many soldiers are suffering. But listen! I hear moans. A poor soldier is dying; must away to his cot. Yes, he was dying. I prayed, then spoke: 'Now, my young friend, you are going home.' 'Home!' said the boy; 'what do you mean, Sister?' 'Why, would you not like to go to heaven?" 'Sister, are you going there when you die?' I assured the boy that I sincerely hoped to go there. 'Well,' said he, 'so do I.' I called the chaplain, had the soldier baptized and ere the morning dawned this beautiful soul was in heaven."

(1). In order to preserve the continuity of the narrative as much as possible the most important work done by Sister Anthony and other Mother Seton Sisters has been outlined in Chapter VII.

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CHAPTER XX.

THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

An application from the Secretary of War to the Superior of the order. Nine Sisters depart for the Government Hospital at Beaufort, N. C. A dinner of pork and beans and mouldy bread. The steward who expected the Sisters to poison some of the patients. Complimented by Jefferson Davis. A convent confiscated by General Slocum. Secular ladies who had "other engagements" when the smallpox appeared.

None of the Sisters who gave up their time and talents to the cause of suffering humanity did better work than the Sisters of Mercy. Their most conspicuous service was on Southern battlefields, although, like their colleagues in this merciful work, they were subject to the call of duty no matter whence it came. On the 19th of June, 1862, Vicar General Starrs, of New York, applied for a sufficient corps of nurses to take charge of a military hospital in North Carolina. The proposition was laid before the Sisters of St. Catherine's Convent of Mercy, in New York City, and the invitation promptly and cheerfully accepted.

Nine Sisters were selected for the mission. They included Sisters Mary Augustine MacKenna, M. Elizabeth Callanan, M. Paul Lennon, M. Gertrude Ledwith, M. Paula

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Harris, M. Veronica Dimond and M. Agatha MacCarthy. The Mother Superior and Mother Alphonsus decided to go with the party. The chaplain was Rev. Father Bruhl, a native of Hungary, sixty years of age. He had a long, flowing grey beard, and while he was not possessed of an adequate knowledge of English, he was equipped with a valuable experience of hospital work incident to warfare. This was derived from long and laborious service in the French army during the war which resulted in the taking of Algiers.

The Sisters bade adieu to their convent friends on the 15th of July, and boarded the Government boat Catawaba, which was to take them to the scene of their future labors at Beaufort, N. C. The Sisters were under the care of General Foster, who showed them every consideration.

It happened that 500 horses, destined for cavalry service, were to be passengers on the vessel, and as the tedious and somewhat distressing process of getting them into the hold only commenced after the Sisters boarded the boat the Catawaba could not leave the dock until the afternoon of July 16.

The structure which was known as the "hospital" is thus admirably described by Mother Mary Carroll: "It was a large building that had formerly been a summer hotel. It was so near the shore that at high tide the waves rolled in and out under the timber props on which it was erected. It was a frame building, containing 500 rooms. The Sisters arrived in the midst of a heavy rain storm. As they passed from the wharf to the building, in single file, all dressed in black, the patients, looking out of the windows, took them for nine lone widows, seeking the dead bodies of their husbands!

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"The place contained no furniture except a few miserable bedsteads, and was in a most desolate condition. There was only one broom and very few utensils. The broom, in possession of Chloe, a saucy little negress, was seldom available. Along the shore were wrecks of pianos, tables, chairs, glass, etc. There were no candles or lamps, and every one was compelled to retire before night."

Truly, a forsaken habitation for women, the most of whom had been brought up in homes of comfort and refinement. The house was extremely dirty, and the Sisters got very little rest the first night. The next day a transformation took place. The new-comers, with what assistance they could obtain from the natives, began the work of housecleaning. "Bob" Sproul, a young negro, who was presented with a red shirt, was installed as water carrier. He was so delighted with the conspicuous but useful garment that he wore it outside of his Sunday coat and proclaimed himself "the best-dressed man in North Carolina."

The first dinner of the Sisters was a "sumptuous repast" of pork and beans and mouldy bread, to which was added coffee sweetened with molasses. Eight rooms were assigned to the nurses These rooms were located on the second story, and opened out on a piazza overlooking the sound. In spite of the great consideration shown the Sisters, they were compelled to undergo many privations. Two of the Sisters, whose names are not recorded, died from the effects of these hardships, and several were dangerously ill.

Nearly all the patients differed from the Sisters in religious belief, and their coming caused several humorous as well as pathetic incidents. Many of the soldiers had never met "a real, live" Sister before. Their minds had

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been installed with false notions, and it was some days before they appreciated the Sisters in their real character and at their true worth. After the work in the locality was finished, the steward of the hospital confessed that he often sat up until 1 o'clock in the morning watching the Sisters, fully expecting them to poison the patients, or do some other terrible thing, they being "confessed emissaries of the Pope."

The dress of the Sisters scared some of the others. "Great heavens!" shrieked one patient to the nurse that bent over him, "are you a man or a woman? But your hand is a woman's hand; its touch is soft, and your voice is gentle. What are you?"

"Only a poor servant of the Great Master, come from afar to serve you," said the Sister.

"Sister," moaned another, "I'm dying. I want to be what you are; help me."

"What the Sister believes, I believe," cried another, who had probably never known any religion. "Sister, tell me what to answer when the priest comes to baptize me."

When the patients finally recovered sufficiently to leave the hospital they would offer little keepsakes to the Sisters—a button, a shred of blue or gray, a pebble—with a fervent "God bless you, Sister. I'll never forget you. Pray for me."

The Sisters became part of the patients' lives. They did more than nurse them. They cheered them in their hours of despondency, and wrote letters for them to the anxious ones at home. Some of the Sisters, by reason of ill health, were compelled to return to New York. Their places were promptly filled with recruits from the Mother House.

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The perfect discipline among the Sisters, the spirit of humility and self-sacrifice that prevailed generally, was exhibited when the Mother Superior in charge was succeeded by Mother M. Augustine McKenna. Mother Augustine was one of the women who had previously prepared food for the soldiers. The patients and others were surprised to learn, after the change, that she was not only a person of great executive ability, but that she was also a woman of the utmost refinement, and one of the most intellectual members of the Sisterhood.

In October, 1862, it was found that Beaufort was too much exposed for the patients, and they were removed to Newberne. The residence of Governor Stanley was placed at the disposal of the Sisters. It was transformed into a handsome convent, the parlor being used as a chapel. After the raids at Goldsboro all of the wards were crowded with sick and wounded. Americans, Germans, Irish and Creoles, all came in the same ambulances, with their clothing matted to the skin from ghastly wounds. They were all treated alike by the nurses, who were working in the cause of humanity.

Some time after the war Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the late Confederacy, addressing a number of the Sisters, said: "Will you allow me, ladies, to speak a moment with you? I am proud to see you once more. I can never forget your kindness to the sick and wounded in our darkest days, and I know not how to testify my gratitude and respect for every member of your noble order."

Mr. Davis met Mother Mary Teresa Austen Carroll in 1887, and he reiterated his expressions of thankfulness toward the sisters who had performed what he called a great work. Many other dignitaries and soldiers on both

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the Union and Confederate sides testified to the good services rendered by the Sisters of Mercy. Their labors, however, did not end with the war, for after that cruel period they busied themselves in establishing homes for widows and asylums for the orphans.

The Sisters of Mercy also worked with unremitting zeal during the war at Mississippi Springs, Oxford, Jackson and Shelby Springs. The Southern Sisters, after devoting months to the service of the sick and wounded soldiers in these localities, returned home to Vicksburg only to find that General Slocum had confiscated their convent for a headquarters. Father Michael O'Connor, S. J., formerly Bishop of Pittsburg, was a personal friend of Secretary of the War Stanton, and he at once interested himself in the cause of the Sisters. After a brief correspondence their property was restored to them.

In February, 1862, the Mayor of Cincinnati applied to the Archbishop of the same city for a sufficient number of Sisters to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers of the Ohio regiments. The application was sent to Mother Teresa, who not only complied with it, but headed the delegation of Sisters that went to the front. Grant and Johnson had met at Shiloh and the battle of Pittsburg Landing was the result. The Sisters went down the river on the Superior, preparing bandages and other hospital necessaries on the way.

There was plenty of work to do when they landed, and it was entered upon with zeal. A number of secular ladies also arrived upon the scene and insisted upon aiding in the work. The Sisters cheerfully accepted their assistance. In a few days small-pox broke out among the patients and the secular ladies suddenly remembered that

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they had important engagements elsewhere. They deserted the temporary hospitals with more haste than dignity, leaving the Sisters in undisputed possession. Mother Teresa was especially devoted during the small-pox epidemic, joining the other Sisters in personally dressing the wounds of the patients suffering from this loathsome disease.

The Sisters of Mercy also worked zealously in St. Louis. They visited almost daily the hospitals on the Fair Grounds in that city, where an average of from 1000 to 2000 sick and wounded men were being cared for. Many other visitations were made to private hospitals and private dwellings, where the necessities of the occasion happened to place the disabled soldiers. Particular attention was paid to the patients in the McDowell College, used as a hospital for sick prisoners of war. The Sisters sent large hampers to this institution filled with clothing and with delicacies in the way of food and drink.

Some of the poor sufferers were stone-blind, but as soon as they discovered that the Sisters of Mercy were among them they would stretch out their hands, crying, "Welcome, Sisters. If you had never given us anything we would still rejoice to have you come amongst us with your consoling words."

Three of the prisoners of war in the McDowell Hospital were condemned to be shot as a measure of "retaliation"—one of the cruel customs of the war. The sentence of death had been passed with all due military solemnity, and the carrying out thereof was inevitable. Knowing this to be the case the Sisters visited the condemned men in their cells and urged them to make suitable preparations for death. The unfortunate men received the Sis-

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ters with cordiality, but they were furious at the decree which condemned them to death, and absolutely refused to consider any suggestions which would cause them to forgive their enemies. While the Sisters were pleading with the men an armed guard stood at the door and two other sentinels paced up and down the corridor with a regularity and grimness that filled the scene with awe.

Finally perseverance conquered. The doomed men relented, and a clergyman accompanied them to the scaffold. They were blindfolded when making fervent acts of contrition, and while engaged in this pious devotion were launched into eternity.

One of the duties that devolved upon the Sisters during the war, as well as thereafter, was the care of the widows and orphans of the soldiers. There was one pathetic case in the McDowell Institution. It concerned two little girls, daughters of Southern prisoners. Their mother and married sister had died in the prison, and their father was among the missing. The little ones were seriously ill when they were brought to the attention of the Sisters. They were in such a sad plight that their clothes had to be changed in the yard, and the cast-off garments buried. Baptism was administered to them, and their physical needs given immediate attention. The younger child, about 8 years of age, died a few days later. The other recovered and was instructed in the ways necessary for a life of virtue and usefulness. At the close of the war she was claimed by her father. He had searched the city in a vain endeavor to find his offspring, and when he had all but abandoned hope located her in the "House of Mercy," conducted by the Sisters. On being given positive pledges that the child would be properly cared for the Sisters restored her to the anxious father.

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Mary Mulholland, who became known as Mother Francis of the Sisters of Mercy, did wonderfully effective work during the war. She was born in Armagh, Ireland, in 1808, but came to this country when a mere child. Her one desire was to become a member of one of those devoted Sisterhoods that give their lives to the service of the Creator. In spite of the opposition of her parents this object was finally achieved. The opportunity came when Bishop Quarter engaged a colony of Sisters of Mercy for Chicago in 1843. The journey to the Western city was by stage and boat. A terrific storm arose while the party was crossing Lake Michigan. A high wave swept over the deck of the vessel, carrying men, women and children into the angry waters.

Mary Mulholland was one of those that went overboard, and when a brave man—a Mr. Ogden, who afterwards became the first Mayor of Chicago—attempted to save her she cried: "Leave me to my fate; save the others." He did save others, but he saved her, too, for a future of usefulness and good works. The future Mother of the Order received the white veil from the Bishop in April, 1847, and was professed by dispensation December 28, 1848. Her business accomplishments made her a valuable member of the community.

Speaking of her experience in the Civil War Mother Carrol says (1): When the Civil War broke out Mother Francis organized among the Sisters a band of volunteer nurses to minister to the sick and wounded on Southern battlefields. She accompanied them to Missouri, and set them to work. In Chicago she looked after the soldiers, whether sick or prisoners. A sister who shared

(1). Annals of the Sisters of Mercy.

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with her the fatigues of these great works writes: "Many soldiers crying out in agony on their hard beds blessed her as she passed her holy hands over their burning brows. The absent fathers and mothers for whom they called could not come, but this gentle, humble, self-sacrificing soul supplied their places. A Southern lad of 18 cried like a child when she laid her hand on his clammy brow. 'Oh, God,' he murmured, 'I thought you were my mother.' She prepared him for death, and he died in her arms.

Mother Francis was a power in the prisons and hospitals when the most influential gentlemen and committees were refused admission. There were so many sympathizers with Confederates in Chicago that a general uprising between Federals and Secessionists was often feared. Whenever or wherever the Sisters of Mercy appeared the sick and wounded soldiers, whether in blue or gray uniform, were abundantly supplied with everything necessary for their comfort. Once when Secretary Stanton refused to supply more rations during the current month the case was laid before the President, who wrote:

"To all whom it may concern:—On application of the Sisters of Mercy in Chicago of the Military Hospital in Washington furnish such provisions as they desire to purchase and charge the same to the War Department.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

After the war Mother Frances continued her useful work in many convents of her order, dying peacefully on December 8, 1888. (2)

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(2). Many of the facts in the foregoing chapter have been gleaned from the annals of the Sisters of Mercy, which have been ably edited by Mother Mary Carroll.

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE NORTH CAROLINA HOSPITALS.

Solicitude of the Sisters for the patients under their care. Friendships formed that were only parted by death. Interesting reminiscences of Mother M. Augustine MacKenna concerning the Government Hospital at Beaufort, N. C. A victim of camp fever and how he was relieved by the nurses.

There were many incidents of interest in the hospitals at Beaufort and Newberne, N. C., told by Mother M. Augustine MacKenna to her niece, Sister Dolores, and other members of the community of the Sisters of Mercy. Some of these were incorporated in a neat little book called the "Milestone," issued last year to commemmorate the golden jubilee or 50th anniversary of the Sisters of Mercy in New York City. The principal points are embodied in the paragraphs that follow. (1)

Beaufort is a village on a little peninsula that runs out into Bogue Sound. It is directly opposite to Fort Macon, which is built on an island in these shallow wat-

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(1). The author desires to express his thanks to General James R. O'Beirne, of New York city, who aided him very materially in obtaining the material in question.

ers. Before the war Beaufort was a place of fashionable resort for sea bathing, and its principal hotel, though a frame building, contained five hundred rooms and was elaborately furnished; but having been sacked in the spring of 1862 everything of value was destroyed. It was therefore in a sadly denuded condition when it was utilized as a hospital and made the temporary resting place of two hundred disabled men, just two months previous to the coming of the Sisters.

Only the common army rations had been provided for these sufferers, and their situation was painful in the extreme. A complete dearth of utensils in every department marked the early management of the hospital. There was no modern means of washing clothes, it had to be done with a few small, old-fashioned tubs, and the untrained hands of some escaped field slaves.

No artificial light of any kind, not even a candle, could be procured at that time in Beaufort, and there was no proper food or refreshing drink for the patients. The Sisters sent an urgent requisition to the United States Sanitary Commission, and very soon the hospital was amply provided with all necessaries and many comforts in the line of dressing-gowns, towels, sponges, castile soap, "Aunt Klyne's cologne," etc.

Even in the midst of such suffering many amusing incidents frequently occurred, as for instance when a Sister undertook the task of getting the kitchen cleaned. This establishment had been until now under the control of a certain functionary called the kitchen steward. He was a native of Maine, of short, stout build; never wore shoes (on account of the heat, he said), but always wore an immense straw hat in the house and out of it,

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and constantly sat in a wheelbarrow at the kitchen door with a huge bunch of keys dangling from the belt of his ticking apron. He was a woodcutter in his native forests before he was drafted into the army; he could neither read nor write, and his name was Kit Condon. The negroes, and indeed his fellow-soldiers, called him "Mr. Kit!" It took a great amount of persuasion to induce "Mr. Kit" to relinquish his keys, the token of his dignified office, to the "North lady," as the Sister in charge was called, and he eyed the cleaning process from his wheelbarrow with evident disapproval.

"Mr. Trip," a soldier six feet high, was another important personage in the culinary department, and this with "Edward, the baker," who made his "cookies," buns, pies, etc., on the marble top of a ruined billiard table, completed the kitchen force.

The renovating that kitchen received was marvelous! Piles of greasy sand were swept into the ocean through a never-to-be-forgotten hole in the very midst of the kitchen floor. The house being built on "piles" or timber supports, this portion of it was directly above the water. After the debris of a meal had been thrown them through this opening the fishes could be seen by hundreds when the tide was in, and nothing could surpass their voracity, unless indeed it was their quarrelsomeness, for they seemed bent on annihilating one another.

One day much excitement was created by the arrival of an escaped slave. A tall young girl was seen running breathlessly across the sort of bridge or causeway that connected the hospital premises with the village of Beaufort. She was quickly followed by an elderly Southerner,

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and he was very close to her when she got to the end of her perilous race.

The soldiers cheered her wildly, and called to her that she was safe with them, while they pointed their bayonets at her pursuer and swore in no measured terms that they would pitch him into the sea if he laid a finger on the girl.

However, some of the officers took up the case and brought both man and girl into the General's office, in order to come to an understanding. The man cried out, "She is my gal; she is my gal; she was born upon my place; she is mine." But the General would not listen to this claim, and told the man the girl was free from the moment she claimed the protection of the army.

She was all trembling and exhausted with fear, fatigue and excitement, and during the remainder of that day she had to be encouraged and consoled and petted like a baby, although she was 17. Her name was Ellen, and she had a sweeter face and softer manners than are generally found among colored persons.

Towards the end of October the tides became very high, and the water was driven under and around the hospital with greater impetuosity by the wind. On one occasion the water was profane enough to invade the "Hall" where a good old Unitarian minister held forth to his sparse congregation, and the "meeting" had to be discontinued. The next tide was still more daring, for it swept clear through the kitchen and dining room, leaving in both a debris of dead crabs and little fish, not to mention seaweed of every variety. All this rendered the place very uninhabitable, and General Foster, with his usual thoughtfulness, authorized the Sisters to move to

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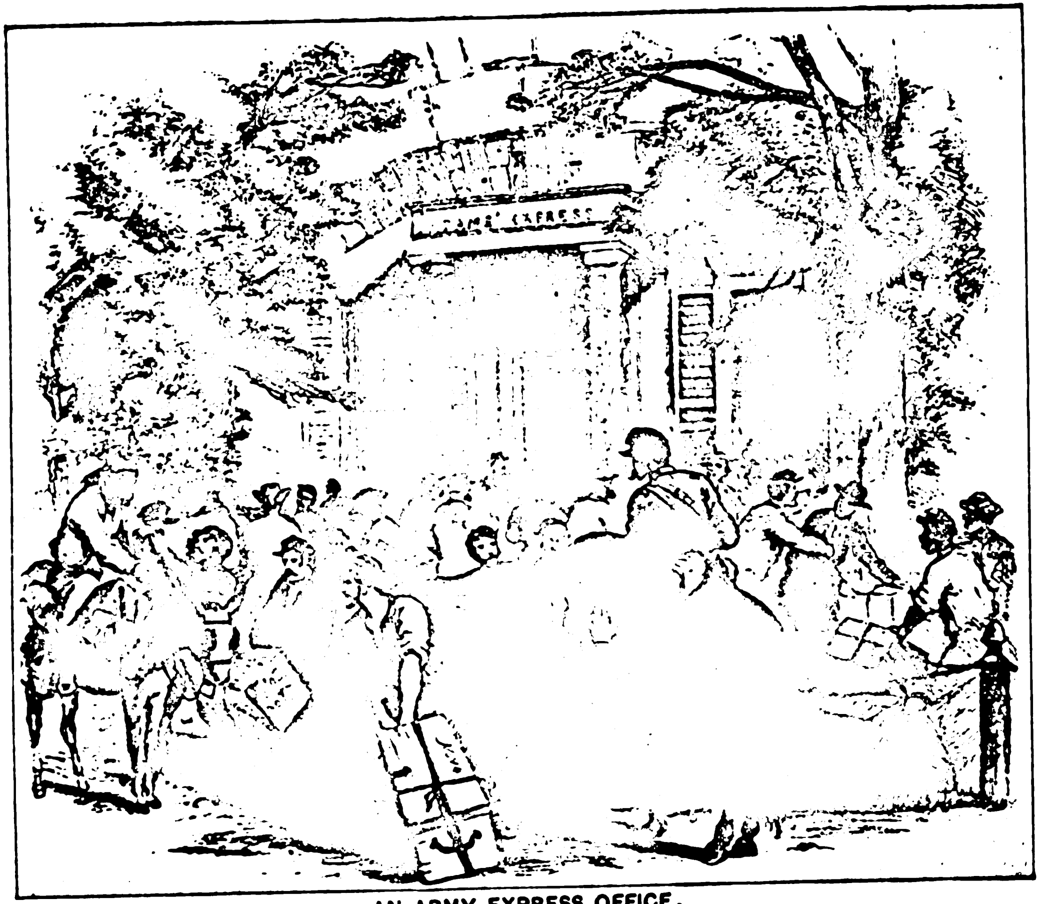

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New Berne and to take possession of the Stanley House, the officers and doctors receiving orders at the same time to remove the patients thither as soon as possible.

The two Sisters sent to inspect the prospects in New Berne had a delightful sail in an open boat through the sound, past Fort Macon and past the sea-green islands on to Moorhead City, which "city" consisted of twelve houses and a few "shanties." On arriving at New Berne the Sisters were agreeably surprised at the aspect of the "Stanley" House, so-called because it had originally been the home of Governor Stanley, of North Carolina.

A handsome lawn or courtyard lay in front of the house. Beautiful large cedars grew within this enclosure, and as their berries were now ripening flocks of mocking-birds were rejoicing in their branches and filling the air with their own inimitable harmony. In a corner stood a grand old "Pride of India," the first tree of the kind the Sisters had ever seen; climbing roses clustered around the windows, and numbers of little songsters made their abode in the foliage.

The house was fine and in perfect repair, having been used as General Burnside's headquarters. It had not been ransacked or rifled as most of the other houses had been. Of the two large handsome parlors one was set aside for a chapel, and a beautiful one it became soon afterwards.

In the last week of October the hospital at Beaufort was vacated, and the sick soldiers were much more comfortably settled in their winter quarters. The "hospital" was distinct from the "Stanley residence" and consisted of three houses and several newly-erected pavilions; a nice shady path and a large garden separated these from the Sisters' domicile.

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In December, 1862, General Foster, with a large detachment of the men under his charge made an attack on the town of Goldsborough, North Carolina, and almost ruined it. An immense number of soldiers were wounded, and, as the doctors' stores had not arrived, the surgeons had no old linen or lint with which to bind up the wounds of the poor sufferers. For this reason they presented a most fearful spectacle. Some had their heads and faces wrapped in coarse cloth, and were so besmeared with blood that the sight was a painful one.

Others, indeed the greater number, had either one or both feet in a terrible condition, the feet having been pierced with balls. There were broken legs, broken arms and one unhappy victim had both hands shot off, and the condition of these agonizing wounds was something terrible.

The first task of the Sisters was to feed the wretched sufferers, who had had but little care bestowed upon them. After that the difficult and distressing duty of cleansing their wounds was undertaken and was left entirely to the Sisters.

One very large man named Sherman, an Englishman, had his mouth and chin so shattered that the doctors decided that his mouth had better not be touched, as he must certainly die. However, the Sisters with soft sponges and warm water began to loosen the horrible rags with which the poor man's face and head were covered. He, poor fellow, had heard enough of the doctors' opinion to render him hopeless, and when he found that efforts were being made to relieve him he tried to evince his gratitude by signs. When the wraps were removed blood began to flow from his mouth, and a Sister took

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out with her finger several loosened teeth, and thus greatly facilitated his breathing. The utmost possible care was taken of this patient, and the satisfaction of seeing him perfectly restored to health, though disfigured in a dreadful manner, was in itself a great reward. The dumb gratitude he displayed when he came to say "good-bye" as he was leaving the hospital was very pathetic.

Another interesting case was that of David Brant, a ruddy-faced lad about 18 years of age. He was suffering in some way that could not at first be discovered. It was noticed that he kept moving his feet in a distressing sort of way. These members were uncovered, when, to the surprise of the Sister attending him, it was found that he had still his boots on and that they seemed ready to burst. Some of the soldiers at hand came with knives and cut them off, piece by piece, with great difficulty, and then, alas! it was found that veins of the boys legs had burst open, and his boots were filled with clotted blood. The doctors were sent for, and had great trouble in stanching the blood, and in tying up the arteries. It need hardly be added that the poor lad died the next day in great agony. He was the victim of a forced march in which the men were made to run for several miles without stopping. The Sisters wrote to his father the least painful account possible of the poor son's death, and received a most grateful reply, the bereaved gentleman adding that but for them he would never have known the real truth of the sad event.

"Hiram" was a victim of camp-fever; unfortunately for him he had been kept in camp too long after he took sick, and the fly-blister had been applied to the back of

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his neck. Some of his comrades took it off, but applied no dressing of any kind, so that the coarse blue flannel collar of his shirt grew into the raw sore, and his hair also festered into it. It was his cries that first attracted the attention of a Sister, for he was brought into the hospital in this condition.

She found a soldier trying to relieve him by applying a coarse wet towel in cold water to his neck, and this caused the screams of the sufferer. A soft sponge, warm water and castile soap came into requisition here, and when the hair was cut so as to free it from the sore, and the gathers of the shirt loosened from the collar, the poor boy began to feel a little relief. As he lay with his face buried in the pillow he did not see who was attending him.

"Who is doing that?"

"A Sister of Mercy," was the reply.

"No," said he, "no one but my mother could do it:"

By degrees the sore was nicely dressed with soft old linen and cold water—the only dressing allowed by the doctors—and then Hiram stole a glance at his new friend and nurse.

"What are you, at all?" was the first question.

The Sister tried to make him understand what a Sister of Mercy does, or tries to do for those who suffer, and he sank back in his pillow, saying,

"I don't care what you are; you are a mother to me."

He was only 16, full of bright intelligence and wit, but after suffering dreadfully for six weeks from the fatal fever he died in the arms of his father, who had been apprised by the Sisters of poor Hiram's condition, and had come from Boston to remain with him.

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Many such sad incidents might be related, but no doubt such are the records of every hospital. The Sisters continued their services until May, 1863, when General Foster, under whose protection they had been able to effect much good, was ordered to Tallahassee, Florida, where there was no need of a military hospital. The necessity for the Sisters was now not so great in North Carolina—most of the poor men having been released from their sufferings, many by death and others by recovery—so preparations were commenced for returning to New York.

The Sisters felt very much for the poor negro girls who had attached themselves to them so affectionately, and who in their simple ignorance thought that the "North ladies" could do anything and everything. Some very amusing incidents took place in connection with our "contrabands." One night a Sister, having forgotten something in the kitchen, went for it at a later hour than usual. All the negro girls and women who worked for the hospital—scrubbing, washing, ironing, etc.—slept in the rooms over the kitchen; and the Sister, hearing peals of laughter, did not think it beneath her dignity to act the part of a listener under these "colored" circumstances.

She therefore went noiselessly up the stairs, and, to her great amusement, heard herself perfectly imitated by one of the girls. This Sister had for many months been giving the general instructions to the women and girls; now she heard the very tones of her voice and the manner of her delivery most perfectly reproduced; another genius undertook to represent another Sister, and so on until every Sister was portrayed, to the great delight of the company, the members of which never dreamed of the amused listener on the kitchen stairs.

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The solicitude of the Sisters for the welfare of their patients frequently caused warm friendships that continued long after the close of the war. Sister Mary Gertrude and Mother Mary Augustine were two of the Sisters attached to the hospitals in Beaufort and Newberne. One of those cases that came under their care was that of Charles Edward Hickling, of the Forty-fifth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers. The bravery and manliness of this young soldier won the hearts of all.

Illness contracted in the service finally caused his death in 1867. He bore all his suffering with great fortitude. During his illness the Sisters visited him at his home, and after his death sent consoling letters to the bereaved family.

These letters show the tender sympathy and generous interest of the Sisters towards the soldiers to such an extent that the writer feels justified in giving brief extracts from what were intended to be personal missives.

Sister Mary Gertrude, under date of January 3, 1868, wrote to the parents: "How can I express to you in adequate terms the very great grief and affectionate sympathy I feel toward you in your great affliction. May God be your comfort and your refuge in this trying hour, for in sufferings such as these no creature can give you consolation. We must look higher. He who sent the cross can alone give the power to sustain its weight. Do not give way to despondency, my very dear friends. The dear boy has only gone before you for a time—we are all hastening towards our turn. In a very little time we, too, shall have passed the eternal gates, there to meet all we have loved and lost, and with them praise the tender mercy of the good God to us whilst in

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our exile. * * * I have been, and am still with you, in thought and spirit, going through the least detail of all the trying circumstances of this sad bereavement."

Mother Augustine, who was the Superior of the Sisters at the Newberne Hospital, writing to a devoted friend—Miss Susan Messinger—said on January 4, 1868:

"So our brave soldier boy is gone, his long and trying march has brought him to the goal, and in his young enthusiasm he has gone to join the numerous band of those who were his companions on the field and in the fight, in danger and in privations, exposure and fatigue, but not in the long years of patient and heroic endurance which requires more of a martyr's fortitude than a soldier's courage. Dear Charles! He is the last of our soldier boys—the last link that bound us to the Boston Regiment, the brave Massachusetts Volunteers, whose heroism we shall never forget. * * * Eternity! Dear Charles knows its wonders now. Let us pray that we may so live, so use our powers here that our eternity may be with those who have fought their way through the trials and sorrows of life to its unending peace."

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CHAPTER XXII.

LABORS IN THE WEST.

The Sisters of Mercy attended the sick and wounded in the "Irish Brigade," the command organized by Colonel Mulligan, whose life was sacrificed in the Union cause. Sisters leave Chicago for Lexington, Mo. One brave, religious Sister who wanted to finish her office before being shot. General Fremont and his staff call upon the Sisters. Taking charge of the hospital department of the steamship Empress.

Soon after the beginning of the war the "Irish Brigade" was organized in Chicago by Colonel Mulligan, whose life was sacrificed in the Union cause towards the close of the war. He was a devout Catholic, and a warm friend of the Sisters of Mercy. As his command were nearly all Catholics he determined to secure the services of the Sisters in behalf of his sick and wounded, and, before his departure from Chicago, called on Reverend Mother Francis, from whom he obtained the promise that the suffering among his soldiers should be cared for by her children. This is the mother of whom a brief sketch is given in a previous chapter. The regiment left Chicago in

COLONEL MULLIGAN.

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the summer of 1861, and was finally stationed at Lexington, Missouri. On September 3, six Sisters of Mercy, escorted by Reverend Mother Francis and her assistant, left Chicago under the care of Lieutenant Shanley. The Superiors were to return when the Sisters were settled in Lexington.

The hospital was to be in charge of Sister M. Alphonsus Butler, assisted by her companions. To those who had never been within sight or sound of "war's alarms," this appeared to be an undertaking of no small hazard. The Sisters believed they were risking their lives. "Yes," said one, "I was fully convinced I should never see Chicago again."

They went by St. Louis to Jefferson City, from which point they were to proceed to Lexington. During their stay in Jefferson they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mosely, who were ardent sympathizers with the Southern cause. Nothing could exceed their attention and kindness to the Sisters, to whom they showed every mark of respect. When Mr. and Mrs. Mosely withdrew to St. Louis they left their beautiful home at the disposal of their valued guests.

It was rumored that Confederate forces were stationed along the river banks, and that communication with Lexington would be speedily cut off. The Sisters, therefore, embarked on the first boat leaving Jefferson, the "Sioux City," which was to carry them to their destination. It was under command of Lieutenant Shanley, who was conducting a detachment of troops to Lexington. Several ladies were on board, among whom was Mrs. Mulligan, who with her infant daughter was going to join her husband. As the steamer proceeded up the river the

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rumors of "danger ahead" became more and more alarming. At length, at the earnest request of some of the ladies, Lieutenant Shanley gave orders to return to Jefferson. On reaching that city the officer in command directed that the ladies who were not willing to undertake the voyage should be put ashore, and that the "Sioux City" should resume her voyage to Lexington.

The second attempt, however, proved that the alarm of the ladies was not unfounded. Danger was constantly apprehended. It was given out as certain that the Confederates were stationed at Glasgow, a small town on the Missouri. When the boat came within a few rods of it the Confederates were seen rushing from the woods on both sides of the river. Sister M. Alphonsus, who was saying her office on deck, saw the men on the right bank uncovering a cannon and preparing to fire. She hurriedly entered the state room, saying:

"Here they are!"

"Who?" asked a Sister.

"The Confederates," she replied.

While they were still speaking they heard the whizzing and rattling of bullets outside. The head of the boat was immediately turned, but the firing from both sides of the river continued for some minutes. Had the assailants waited till the boat had come within range of the cannon nothing could have saved her. Their impetuosity defeated their attempt. As it was, the escape of the boat was considered miraculous. The Sisters afterwards met a gentleman who had been among the Confedates at Glasgow on that occasion. He told them that the Southerners never could account for the escape of the "Sioux City." There were five hundred infantry on the

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right bank and one thousand cavalry on the left. No one on board was wounded, but the craft was very much damaged. The pilot-house was completely riddled, as the Confederates had aimed particularly at the helmsman. The Southerners afterwards declared they did not know there were women on board when they fired on the boat, above all, the Sisters, for they were especially courteous to all who wore the religious habit. During the danger the other ladies were placed by the officers in the part of the boat which was least exposed. The Sisters stood in readiness to wait on the wounded, but blessed God that there were none such this time. When all peril was over one of the Sisters caused much amusement by saying "I continued to say my office all through the firing, so that I might have it finished before being shot."

During the return voyage much apprehension was felt, because the Confederates were supposed to be in ambush at different points. About ten miles below Glasgow the boat stuck in a sand-bar, and the efforts of the men to release her were more terrifying than the Southern bullets. This was the last attempt made to reach Lexington. Meanwhile Colonel Mulligan's brigade of two thousand men was surrounded by Price's men, supposed to number twenty thousand. For three days the brigade made a gallant resistance. Their supply of water had been cut off for forty-eight hours, when they surrendered to General Price, September 20, 1861. The General proved himself a generous enemy, and his conduct won the esteem and gratitude of his distinguished prisoner. The two men became sincere friends before they parted.

The Sisters continued to occupy the Mosely residence. They experienced the greatest kindness and respect

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from the colored people left in charge of it. To the simple souls they were a great curiosity.

The old housekeeper wanted all her friends to come to see the Sisters, and numbers responded to her ardent invitations. These guests were puzzled to account for the want of resemblance between persons related to each other, as they thought, in the first degree. "You say this lady is your sister," said one, "but she doesn't look like you at all, nor this one, either." It took some time to make them understand that the relationship was not in blood, but in spirit and profession.

The Jefferson City Hospital for the sick and wounded was placed under the care of the Sisters. This charge they readily undertook at the request of the authorities, as their original project of going to Lexington had proved impracticable. They found the poor soldiers in wretched condition. The hospital, a very recently established institution, had not yet sufficient furniture. Convalescing soldiers, who were the only nurses, could not be expected to bestow on the sick the tender care they required. No woman of a religious order had ever before been seen in Jefferson, and such of the soldiers as had heard of them had heard little that was construed to their advantage. The Sisters, therefore, on taking charge of the hospital met with a very cold reception. They showed neither surprise nor annoyance at this, and very soon the coldness and prejudice disappeared, being followed by appreciation and gratitude.

On entering the hospital they found a poor soldier in a woefully neglected condition, lying on a blanket laid on the floor. One of the Sisters requested the nurse to allow her to have a little water. When she received it

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she knelt beside the poor sufferer and bathed his face and hands. The nurse, a rather stern person, stood by during the process.

"May I ask, madam," said he when she finished, "is that man a relative of yours?"

"No, sir," she replied, "I never saw him before; we are here to take care of the sick, and we attend every patient as we would our nearest and dearest relative."

In a short time the Sisters, by their self-devotion, had gained the good will of the inmates and officers; and the hospital began to wear a better appearance. It took a good while, however, for the citizens and soldiers to become so accustomed to the Sisters as always to recognize them as such. One morning, as they were going processionally to Mass they met a new detachment of soldiers, who stepped aside to allow them the sidewalk. They kept a respectful silence until the Sisters had passed, when one turning to another inquired, "Who's dead?"

When General Fremont and his staff came to Jefferson they at once visited the sick soldiers. Desiring to have an interview with the Sisters the General was shown to their apartment just as they had assembled for their frugal meal. When he knocked the door was opened, and, to their great astonishment, he and his staff, in brilliant uniform, stood before them. The interview was a very pleasant one. General Fremont was on all occasions most courteous to them, and granted everything they asked. Eloquently did they represent to him the wants of the poor soldiers, for whom he promised to provide, and his promises were religiously kept. This officer was noted for his kindness to his soldiers, especially the sick.

The Sisters also received several visits from Colonel

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Mulligan and his brave little wife, an old pupil of theirs. When she heard of her husband's capture, although she had but just recovered from a severe illness, she made her way across the country to Lexington, to comfort him by her presence. Soon after he was paroled, and they journeyed homeward together, stopping at Jefferson on their way. Mrs. Mulligan gave the Sisters a glowing account of her husband's exploits, and moved them to tears by her description of his sufferings. She was proud of him, for he was a genuinely brave man. To rare merit he added rare modesty, and were it not for the animated recital of his devoted wife the Sisters would have heard but little of his thrilling adventures in Lexington.

It is in order to state here that on the 20th of December, 1861, Mr. Arnold, rising in his seat in the House of Representatives, at Washington, introduced a joint resolution giving the thanks of Congress to Colonel James A. Mulligan and the officers and men under his command for the heroic defense of Lexington, Missouri, which was read a first and second time. The joint resolution was as follows:

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives that the thanks of Congress be extended to Colonel James A. Mulligan and the gallant officers and soldiers under his command, who bravely stood by him against a greatly superior force in his heroic defense of Lexington, Missouri.

Resolved, That the Twenty-third Regiment of Illinois Volunteers—the Irish Brigade—in testimony of their gallantry on that occasion are authorized to bear on their colors the word "Lexington."

Resolved, That the Secretary of War be requested to

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communicate these resolutions to Colonel Mulligan and his officers and soldiers.

The joint resolution was ordered to be engrossed and read a third time and, being engrossed, it was accordingly read a third time and passed (1).

Rev. William Walsh, of Jefferson City, was a sincere friend of the Sisters during their abode in the hospital, and they remember him with lively gratitude. On New Year's Day, 1862, they made their renewal of vows in the church. They also derived much comfort and support from the many kind and encouraging letters they received from their superior, Rev. Mother Francis. The warmest sympathies of this noble-hearted woman were aroused for her children, working in a cause so dear and sacred. She visited them during the fall, and frequently sent them contributions, provisions and delicacies for their sick soldiers. These soon became so numerous that two more Sisters and several elderly women and young girls were sent to their aid. An additional hospital was required, and a building formerly used as a seminary was devoted to that purpose. The assistants of the Sisters wore a uniform of gray, and as all went to Mass every morning, when hospital duties permitted, the procession of the black and gray-robed maidens looked rather solemn.

Except in case of Catholics the ministrations of the Sisters were confined to the bodily ills of the sick. They rarely touched on religious subjects, save when the patient desired it. On one occasion they found a dying man whom

(1). From the Congressional Globe containing the debates and proceedings of the second session of the Thirty-seventh Congress, page 158, Vol. 1.

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they believed to be a Catholic. The Sisters who attended him asked him to what church he belonged. He looked cautiously around the ward and whispered:

"I am ashamed to tell."

"But," said she, "you should not belong to a church of which you are ashamed."

The poor man then acknowledged that he was a Catholic, though, through human respect, he had concealed it until then. The Sister spoke words of advice and encouragement to the poor man—a brave soldier of earth, an indifferent soldier of Christ—and had the consolation of inducing him to receive the sacraments. His death took place soon after, and his fellow-soldiers, having arrayed him in his uniform, placed upon his bosom the crucifix which the Sister had given him. This act of reverence in men who seldom gave religion a thought surprised and pleased the Sisters not a little.

They remained in charge of the Jefferson City Hospital until April, 1862, when, the army having been ordered to another division, their services were no longer required. They, therefore, made preparations to return to Chicago. The night before the day appointed for their departure they were much surprised by receiving a serenade from the military band. Next morning Father Welsh said Mass in the hospital. The Sisters then bade "good-bye" to the few soldiers who remained, and the poor fellows were very much affected at the parting.

When the Sisters reached St. Louis they were waited on by Mr. Yateman, Sanitary Commissioner, who requested them to take charge of the hospital department of the steamboat "Empress," then about to start for the battlefield of Shiloh, in order to transfer the wounded to places

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where they could receive proper care. Many of the sick and wounded were on the battlefield, sheltered only by tents, and deprived of almost every comfort. When the necessary permission from home was obtained the Sisters went aboard the "Empress," bound for Pittsburg Landing, which they reached on Palm Sunday. They had been anxious to reach it that day, hoping to be in time for Mass; but they were surprised and disappointed to find that, instead of being a town or village, Pittsburg Landing consisted of only one house, a log cabin, in which there was no prospect of hearing Mass. They went ashore at once to visit the sick and wounded of both armies, who were in separate tents, and distributed to the poor men some refreshments, which were most gratefully received. Next day the "Empress," laden with sick and wounded, started for Keokuk, Iowa. There were over three hundred sufferers aboard, and the Sisters were occupied from early morning till midnight waiting on them and endeavoring to soothe their depressed spirits. The "Empress" reached Keokuk on Holy Saturday, April 16, 1862. The removal of the sick to the hospital began at once and occupied two days, during which time the Sisters were engaged in doing everything possible to ease the pains of their patients.

On Easter Sunday they had the happiness of hearing Mass and receiving the sacraments. The Sisters of Notre Dame, who were present at Mass, awaited the Sisters of Mercy at the church doors, and, knowing they were fasting, invited them to come to their convent to breakfast. Much as the Sisters appreciated their kindness, they were obliged to decline, as they had to return as quickly as possible to their sick on the hospital boat. In the evening

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the Visitation Nuns sent a message to invite the Sisters of Mercy to dine at their convent. This invitation was accepted, as the sick and wounded had had their wounds dressed, and were made as comfortable as possible. At the Visitation Convent they received much kindness, and had the happiness of being present at benediction. At Mound City the Holy Cross Sisters, under Mother Angela Gillespie, showed much kindness to the Sisters of Mercy.

Next day the "Empress" returned to Pittsburg Landing for another cargo of the sick, who were conveyed to St. Louis. The boat made many voyages of this kind. The Sisters strove to get delicacies of all sorts for the sick wherever they landed, and in distributing these there were scenes at once amusing and touching. The men would gather around the Sisters like big children, holding out their piece of bread and begging for "just one little bit of jam." The Sisters, not having the heart to refuse anyone, would give away all they had, trusting to kind Providence to send them more. The "Empress" also made a voyage to Louisville, where the Sisters placed under proper care the last cargo of the sick and wounded from the terrible battle of Shiloh. The end of May, 1862, concluded five weeks' service on the hospital boat. To this day the Sisters of Mercy express gratitude for the kindness and almost reverential courtesy they experienced during their stay with the invalid soldiers. Accustomed to a life of seclusion and tranquillity, they did not venture on this undertaking without nerving themselves to encounter much that might be repugnant to their nature and profession. But none of their gloomy anticipations were realized. They always felt that they owed a special tribute to the brave men of both armies for the deference

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and courtesy they invariably received from Confederate and Federal alike. The soldiers under their care showed them a child-like docility and respect, and never was a word uttered in their presence by a warrior of either side that could offend the most delicate ear. "If," writes one of the survivors of the nursing band, "the man who knows how to treat a woman with respect is himself worthy of respect, then all honor to the soldiers of the war, North and South."

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE STANTON HOSPITAL.

The authorities in Washington invite the Sisters of Mercy to take charge of both the institutions at the capital and the Western Pennsylvania Hospital, in Pittsburg. Death of the Superior of the Stanton Hospital. Buried with military honors. President Lincoln commends the Sisters for their self-sacrificing labors. A warm tribute from Father Canevin How the Civil war helped to wipe out religious bigotry.

In the autumn of 1862 application was made by the authorities in Washington to the Mother Superior of the Sisters of Mercy for nurses to take charge of the wounded soldiers in the Stanton Hospital in Washington City. Accordingly, four Sisters from the mother house in Pittsburg were appointed for the work. They hastily prepared and departed for the scene of duty, arriving in Washington the day before Thanksgiving. Finding that the Stanton, a long row of one-story

frame buildings, was not quite ready for occupancy, the Sisters remained for a few days with the Sisters of Mercy, who were in charge of the Douglas Hospital then in operation in Washington. These Sisters were members of the Baltimore Community, founded some years pre-

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viously from the house at Pittsburg. In a short time the next hospital was opened, and the Sisters repaired thither, and began their work by caring for one hundred and thirty wounded soldiers, who had just been carried in from an engagement. On December 8 four more Sisters arrived from Pittsburg, making in all eight, which number constituted the staff of Sisters engaged in the Stanton Hospital. Some of these did not remain until the close of the war, but were relieved as circumstances required by Sisters from home. These changes were not made without necessity, as the health of several of the original volunteers was hopelessly shattered by the severe duties entailed upon them. To the bodily fatigue incident to the care of so many patients was added much mental anxiety, caused by the responsibility attending the charge of grave cases. The successful issue in many severe surgical operations depended almost entirely on the vigilance of the nurse.

Too much praise cannot be given to the officials of the Stanton Hospital for their careful supervision and attention to the patients, and the unvarying kindness and confidence reposed in the Sisters. The surgeon in charge, Dr. John A. Liddell, and his assistant, Dr. Philip Davis, deserve special mention. Abundant supplies of everything needful for the sick were most liberally provided. As far as possible no want of the patients was left ungratified.

This was a source of great satisfaction to the Sisters, and lightened their cares considerably. What has been said of the work of Sisters in other hospitals might be repeated here. Their labors were arduous and unceasing. After every battle numbers of wounded were brought in, and received unwearied attention day and night. As a

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rule the soldiers appreciated the work of the Sisters, and regarded them as their best friends. Often patients, when convinced that the hope of recovery was gone, confided their last wishes to the Sisters. They were frequently called upon to send messages to the loved ones far away, and write letters to absent friends. These and similar acts of kindness, with words of comfort and encouragement, made the day more than full "pressed down and running over" with meritorious acts. The Sisters frequently had the consolation of witnessing happy deathbed scenes, often of persons who, under less favorable surroundings might not have enjoyed this great blessing. Entire freedom of conscience was secured to all, each patient being at liberty to summon to his side the spiritual adviser of his choice. The Catholics were attended by the Jesuit Fathers, among whom Revs. Father Wagit, Brady and Roccofort were untiring in their efforts to console the sick and fortify the dying with the consolations of religion. The Sisters remained at the Stanton until the close of the war, when, their services being no longer required, they returned to Pittsburg, where they resumed their usual avocations.

The Western Pennsylvania Hospital in Pittsburg was used by the Government for a military hospital at this time, principally for Pennsylvania soldiers. Such men as were able to bear the fatigue of transportation from Washington or other places were sent to this institution in order to make room at the Stanton for cases direct from the field of battle. The Sisters of Mercy were invited to give their services, a request with which they cheerfully complied, early in 1863. In this institution the Sisters experienced the same courtesy from the officers

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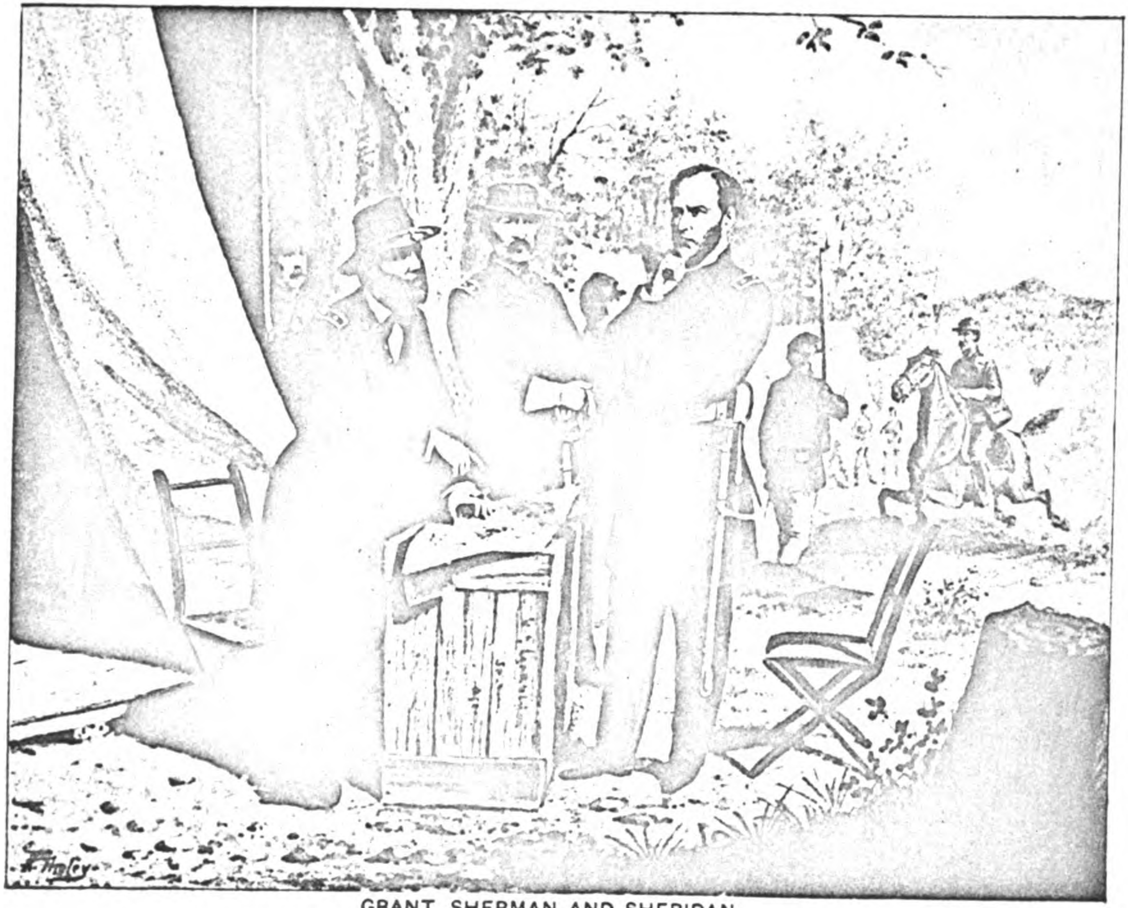

GRANT, SHERMAN AND SHERIDAN,

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as was extended to them elsewhere. Every arrangement compatible with existing circumstances was made to lighten their duties. In both these hospitals a chapel was fitted up and Mass was celebrated daily, which such convalescent patients as desired were at liberty to attend. The Sisters continued their work in the Pennsylvania Hospital until May, 1865. In Washington and Pittsburg the members of the Sanitary Commission gave very efficient aid towards alleviating the conditions of the patients by providing delicacies and reading matter. After each visit supplies were left in the hands of the Sisters to be distributed at their discretion.

The Douglas Hospital in Washington had been erected out of three large dwellings in the then fashionable part of the Capital City. It was so named from the fact that the most important of these three houses had been the residence of the famous Senator of that name.

Sister M. Collette O'Connor was in charge of this institution, and was revered by all who became acquainted with her. She died at the hospital, July 16, 1864, and her remains were escorted to Baltimore and buried with military honors.

One day President Lincoln visited the Stanton Hospital in Washington. Those who were fortunate to be present on this remarkable occasion received impressions that should remain ever fresh in their minds. None of the Sisters had ever met the Chief Executive, but when a tall, angular man with just the suggestion of a stoop about the shoulders sauntered up the path leading to the main entrance of the hospital they intuitively knew that it was President Lincoln. The homely, wrinkled face, with its careworn appearance, and the patient, almost pathetic

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eyes appealed at once to the tender sensibilities of the Sisters. They knew little, and were without leisure to inquire, about the merits of either the Northern or Southern side of the bloody controversy then raging at its height, but they had a keen appreciation of human suffering and human sympathy, and their hearts went out at once to this plain man who so uncomplainingly carried the woes of the nation upon his shoulders.

The President went from cot to cot shaking hands with the poor patients and addressing them in the jocular manner he frequently employed to conceal the anguish caused by the sight of so much suffering. On occasions of this character the very simplicity and naturalness of the President only served to bring his greatness into brighter relief. The Sisters had a good opportunity of observing the man who had been called from his modest home in Illinois to become ruler of the Republic at the most serious crisis in its history. They saw in him a person who with a single stroke of the pen was destined to liberate nearly four millions of slaves. They saw a man who was daily performing the most painful duties under the most trying circumstances, but who did each act "with malice toward none; with charity for all." They saw in him the one distinctively grand figure of the war. They realized with others that amid the clash and roar and smoke of battle; amid the perplexities and contentions of legislative halls, and the difficulties and differences of Cabinets, there arose pre-eminent above all the peaceful, pathetic, powerful personality of Abraham Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln remained at the hospital for some time. With the trained eye of a man of affairs he observed the

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cleanliness of the place, and did not fail to notice all that the Sisters were doing for the comfort and relief of the patients. When he departed he cordially shook hands with each of the Sisters, and congratulated them on the work they were performing in the cause of humanity.

Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, rector of St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburg, has paid a high tribute to the work of the Sisters of Mercy in the late war. (1) A passing reference is made to some of the events already detailed in this chapter, but it is such an able presentation of the case that it deserves reproduction in these pages. Father Canevin said in part:

"The Sisters went forth from their peaceful convent homes to serve their God and country in the Stanton Military Hospital at Washington and in the Western Pennsylvania Hospital at Pittsburg. The military physicians regarded them as valuable assistants, and oftentimes the nuns had the entire charge of the patients, administering of medicines and arranging bandages with deft and skillful hands.

"The Sisters had four hundred and fifty wounded men under their care in the Stanton Hospital at one time, and after the second battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, a number of Confederate wounded were laid side by side with those whom they had wounded.

"'It was a beautiful sight,' said one of the Sisters, 'to see how tenderly the convalescent Union soldiers helped to nurse back the health of those whom they had so fiercely fought a short time before. Those who are first in war are also first in peace.'

"'The bravest are the tenderest,'
"'The loving are the daring.'

(1). In an address delivered in Pittsburg about seven years ago.

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"Southern sympathizers in Washington sent large supplies of provisions and delicacies for their Confederate friends. 'We took all they sent,' said a veteran Sister, 'but we saw that the boys in blue fared as well as their foes.' This was holy simplicity. At the time the Sisters were engaged in their work of mercy in the hospitals and on the battlefields of the North some of their companions who had left their side a few years before were under the shot and shell which were hurled from land and water when Grant besieged Vicksburg, and fear and famine stalked the Confederate camp and city. The Sisters followed the ill-fated army through all the hard fortunes of the struggle; nursed the sick, stanched the blood, bound up the wounds of those who fell on the battlefield, and spoke words of consolation and hope to the dying.

"We can read in military annals how the dying soldier fancied a mother or a sister to be supporting his head as the black-robed nun bade him confide in the Saviour of Calvary, and poured refreshing drops on his lips parched and quivering in the throes of death. It was loyalty to the Divine Master that caused these women to serve on both sides of the line.

"After the war the Vicksburg Community returned to their convent and found their latest golden opportunity in the South in the great yellow fever scourge of 1878, which spread sorrow and gloom over the land, until even hope was almost paralyzed. Yes, when fear had dissolved all the ties which hold society together; when succor could not be bought with gold; when the strongest natural affections yielded to the love of life, then a band of Sisters of Mercy. led by the same fearless heroines from Pittsburg who fifteen years before had seen duty on the

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battlefield, were to be found bending over the plague-stricken couch, praying, ever encouraging and holding up to the last before the expiring patient the image of the Cross.

"When the brave men of both armies had fought out the nation's quarrel, and when the roar of cannon died away and the smoke of battle was lifted from the land, the bright sun of peace shone upon a people more united than they had ever been before. Religious bigotry and sectarian hatred had received a deadly stroke. There was more Christianity amid the rough scenes of war than there had been in preceding years of peace. The best blood of the Roman Catholic and of the Protestant co-patriot had reddened the same stream and mingled on many a well-fought field; side by side they met the charge; side by side they repelled the shock; side by side they fell. In the same pit their bodies were deposited. The dew fell from Heaven upon their union in the grave.

"Misfortune had taught them to know and respect and trust and love each other. Those who survived learned to despise the cowards and hypocrites and bigots who at home, in ignorance or malice, had armed man against his brother, and in the name of religion kept us in perpetual conflict. The soldier descendant of the New England Puritan, and of the Papist hating Orangeman, discovered that his Catholic comrade was a brave, generous-hearted man, and a consistent Christian; that the Roman Catholic Church was not the sworn enemy of free institutions; that the Sisters of that Church were kind, earnest, hard-working, useful and devoted women in the service of that Christ whose doctrine is that we should love one another. And thus the Sisters of Mercy returned from

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war to find the good they and other religious women had done had won the grateful recognition of the whole country. Thoughtful men learned from their deeds that even a Covenanter need not fear to offend the Creator in acknowledging that there rested a holy influence in hearts consecrated to God."

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CHAPTER XXIV.

SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH.

The Surgeon General applies for nurses to care for the sick soldiers in Camp Curtin, Harrisburg. Bishop Wood gives a ready assent. Their valuable Services at the State capital. An official letter of thanks from Governor Curtin. Down the James River in the Commodore to bring the wounded from the battlefield of Yorktown. A poor soldier abandoned in an isolated tent. Rescued from death itself. A grateful patient.

In January, 1862, Dr. Henry H. Smith, Surgeon-General of the State of Pennsylvania, applied to Rev. Mother St. John at the Mt. St. Joseph Convent, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, "for Sisters to serve as nurses of the sick soldiers in camp Curtin, Harrisburg, saying he had had experience of the Sisters' efficiency in nursing while he attended at St. Joseph's Hospital in Philadelphia, and felt they would be able to do good work at the State Capital.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Bishop Wood, to whom the Doctor had spoken of the matter, gave ready assent, and writing on the 22d of the same month, the Doctor speaks of the arrangements for the Sisters' journey as having been effected, and adds: "The Doctor hopes the Sisters will not disappoint him. Whilst best

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by applicants, every female nurse has been refused, Dr. Smith being unwilling to trust any but his old friends, the Sisters of St. Joseph. There is a large field of usefulness, but it is to be properly cultivated only by those whose sense of duty will induce them to sacrifice personal comfort. The living is rough, the pay poor, and nothing but the sentiments of religion can render the nurses contented."

On January 23 three Sisters under the direction of Mother Monica Pue, went to Harrisburg, and on the following day the Surgeon-General took them to Camp Curtin Hospital, which he placed under their charge. At the camp there were then about three thousand militia. The hospital was merely a temporary frame building, roughly put together, and to make the apartments at all habitable blankets and other such improvised tapestry had to be hung over the boards. The Sisters arrived at the hospital towards evening. They found that three matrons had been in charge, and with them a number of the soldiers acting as nurses. The reception accorded the Sisters was not at all cordial. One man had been given the charge of seeing to the Sisters' wants, and. coming to them he asked what they wished to have for supper, saying: "I know that the discipline of the Church is bread and water, but I do not know what you ladies may want to have." The Sisters replied that anything would do, and were shortly afterwards summoned to the table the nurses had just left in a most uninviting condition. The viands were left untasted, and the Sisters began to see what work was before them, and to arrange matters accordingly.

It was not long before the sick soldiers as well as those employed in the hospital began to feel the beneficial

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effects of the Sisters' care, and their efficiency in hospital administration; and respectful attentions and military salutes of the men became almost oppressive. Bishop Wood paid several visits to the Sisters at the camp, and also to the Church Hospital, Harrisburg, where three Sisters, under charge of Sr. Mary John, afterward the Rev. Mother of the Community, took charge of the sick, who, among the arriving militia, were unable to proceed as far as the camp.

Finding themselves always addressed by the physicians as "Sisters of Charity" or "Mercy," the Sisters drew the Surgeon-General's attention to the misnomer, but he replied that the name accorded with their work, and it would be no use in trying to explain to the doctors about the different orders. Hence in all newspaper reports and in various accounts of their work given at the time the Sisters were always mentioned as Sisters of Charity or Mercy, which they took as another sign that their patron, St. Joseph, desired them to labor as he had done, in silence and obscurity, unknown and unnoticed by the world.

On the 2d of February the Surgeon-General, after visiting the hospitals, wrote to Mother St. John: "I have found all the Sisters perfectly well, and with no complaints after their trial of the inconveniences and exposure attendant on military life. Already each hospital shows the blessing attendant on their presence. Everything is now neat, orderly and comfortable. Sr. P. is 'Captain of the Ward' in the camp hospital, and has a drummer boy to attend her. Sister C. in the kitchen is also in authority, and has a sentry at the kitchen door. * * * Sr. M. is 'the Major,' and commands the surgeons, keeping

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them in good humor by her kind acts. All seem happy and contented, and the Governor and others speak frequently of the good move made in bringing them there. * * * At the Church Hospital Sister C. shines in the refectory, and everything is in excellent order."

On the 18th of the same month the doctor called for more Sisters, adding, however, "Matters are so unsettled by the recent victories I am at a loss whether to send for extra help. There are rumors of closing the camp or rather of giving it up to the U. S."

What Dr. Smith had anticipated came to pass; the soldiers at Camp Curtin were called to the front, and the Sisters left the Church Hospital March 27, and Camp Curtin April 8, '62. It was indeed touching to see the difference between the reception the men had given the Sisters on their coming and the feeling of sorrow that marked their parting with them. Many of the men sobbed aloud, and the Sisters themselves were deeply moved at the thought of how many, who were starting off in health and strength, would ere long meet a sad and painful death.

On the 14th of April, by order of Governor Curtin, the following letter was sent by Dr. Smith to Madam St. John, Superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph:

"Madam:—During a period of several weeks, amidst the confusion of a constantly changing camp, and amidst an epidemic of measles, with typhoid fever, etc., six of 'The Sisters of St. Joseph,' sacrificing all personal comfort, ministered faithfully and truly to the comfort and welfare of the sick. Neatness, order and efficient ministration immediately followed their arrival in the camp.

"Highly appreciating their valuable services and Christian devotion to the relief of human suffering, the

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State authorities desire to express to them and your order high appreciation of the self-sacrificing spirit which they exhibited among the sick soldiers, both at Camp Curtin and the Church Hospital in Harrisburg.

"By order of

"A. G. CURTIN, Governor of Pennsylvania."

Dr. Smith himself wrote:—"It affords me pleasure to transmit the accompanying order, acknowledging the valuable services of the Sisters recently engaged at Harrisburg. * * * In the event of a fight at Yorktown I shall go there with a party on a steamboat and stop at Fortress Monroe. If some hardy Sisters will volunteer for duty with me I will perhaps be able to take them. The notice will not be more than six hours. * * * I will share the exposure with them, and will do all that is possible to make them comfortable, bringing them back with the wounded, unless you allow them to stay. Your Order is, I believe, the only one that is doing duty with the army. I think they can do much good, under my care. Sr. ——— will be especially useful in cooking for the wounded in the boat I shall take at the Fortress."

On the 18th the orders came, and, under the escort of Captain Bankson, U. S. A., three Sisters went to Baltimore and thence to Fortress Monroe. On the 26th the Doctor sent a request for six more Sisters, promising plenty of occupation.

In a letter dated April 27, 1862, Archbishop Wood, after naming the Sisters detailed "for attendance on the wounded and sick soldiers under the direction of Dr. Henry Smith, Surgeon-General of the Pennsylvania Volunteers," adds "We commend them to the kind care and protection of the Surgeon-General, and to the attention of all persons, ecclesiastical and civil, with whom they

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may be in any way associated, holding it as a special and personal favor bestowed on ourselves."

On April 21, writing from Fortress Monroe, the Doctor informs Mother St. John that the Sisters on their arrival had been put at once on hospital duty, and were doing much needed work, especially in the preparation of sick diet, etc. He adds: "They are sure to be appreciated. * * * They come into friendly competition with a party of nurses under the direction of Miss Dix. They will win the good will and opinion of all."

The three Sisters first sent were again under the direction of Mother Monica Pue. They were kindly and eagerly welcomed by Dr. Smith, who, with the aid of a spy-glass, saw the boat approaching and hurried to meet them. There were then some sick and wounded on board the floating hospital, the "Whillden." Other Sisters went down later under charge of one of the hospital surgeons, who, poor man, was anything but pleased with being detailed to act as escort to five ladies. But all his fears, as he afterwards declared, were speedily dispelled when he found his office rather a sinecure, since the Sisters did not call on him for the thousand and one attentions it had been his fortune to have been called on to give while attending secular ladies.

At Fortress Monroe they went aboard the two floating hospitals, the "Whillden" and the "Commodore." On May 3 they had the great consolation of receiving the Sacraments from Rev. Father Dillon, of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, who drove up and down the Camp by Fortress Monroe, hearing the confessions of the soldiers. He said Mass on board the "Commodore" May 3 and 4.

On May 6, in company with the Surgeon-General and his assistants, three of the Sisters went down the James

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River in the "Commodore" to bring up the wounded from the battlefield of Yorktown. All night from 5 P. M. till 2 A. M. of next day the wounded were being carried to the vessel on stretchers. Harrowing, indeed, were the scenes that there met their eye, and sad it was to find how inadequate were their efforts to fully assuage the terrible sufferings of the victims. But all that could be done was done, and the supply of coffee and stimulants was thankfully received by those who for days had languished without any attentions. A company of Pennsylvania Volunteers, whom the Sisters met near the landing had not had any food for two, and some for three days, the steamer laden with provisions having been unaccountably delayed. On their way up the river the "Commodore" passed the vessel with the longed-for supply of food on its way down to the men.

Among the wounded were many of the Southern soldiers, who had been taken prisoners; and they seemed particularly grateful for the attentions of the religious. The wounded lay in rows along the decks of the steamers, and in the state rooms, so close together that it was almost impossible to pass along without treading on them.

On May 16 Dr. Smith wrote to Mother St. John: "The Sisters have given universal satisfaction, and have done much good. It will be acknowledged hereafter in proper form. In the meantime I should like to take six of them with me again, ending perhaps at Richmond." Six of the Sisters came up with the wounded on the "Commodore" to the port of Philadelphia, and stayed with them until they had all been removed to the different hospitals of the city. After a few days' rest they returned to receive the wounded from the battle fought near Richmond.

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Meanwhile the camp at Harrisburg had been reopened, and three Sisters were again called to attend the hospital. One of them relates that on her rounds about the place on their return she saw an isolated tent by the door of which lay a coffin. To her inquiries an officer replied that in the tent there was a man dying of camp fever. She inquired whether it was possible to save the man, and, on hearing that it was not known, declared her intention of going to see. The officer refused to allow her to go in, saying it would be suicide, as she could not go without contracting the fever. She, however, persisted, and entering the tent, beheld a man in apparently a state of collapse. For days, it would seem, he had received very little attention, and the filth of the bed and floor was indescribable. That day the poor patient had had nothing but a drink of water. The Sister at once prepared and gave him a bowl of stimulating broth. He became sufficiently strong to tell her he was from St. Paul's Parish, Philadelphia. The priest, Rev. Father Maher, of Harrisburg, was sent for. In the meantime, by dint of warnings and entreaties, the Sister got two of the male nurses to lift the man from the bed, to which parts of his body adhered. The floor was cleansed, the man washed, his sores attended to, and then the priest came, heard his confession and gave him the last Sacraments, and immediately his recovery seemed to set in. His gratitude was touching in the extreme. The Sisters had word sent to his wife in Philadelphia that she might be able to have him removed home, but before she came they themselves had been recalled from what to them was a blessed field of labor.

On June 9, 1862, Dr. Smith wrote to Mother St. John, saying: "The U. S. have agreed to take charge of all the

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State hospitals. * * * I have requested the Sisters at Harrisburg to return to you and hope I shall not have again to trouble you until the war is ended. The Sisters did great good, were very kind and useful. All will be acknowledged in due time." Several of the Sisters who attended the soldiers have already entered on their reward, and rest in the beautiful cemetery of Mt. St. Joseph, where on Decoration Day the Sisters and children love to pay special attention to the graves of those departed ones "of the Soldiers of Christ who went out to attend on the soldiers of war."

No words could adequately express the gratitude of the Sisters for the delicate and fatherly attentions they received from Surgeon-General Smith and his corps of assistants. Dr. Smith was truly "one of Nature's noblemen," with a soul free from every taint of prejudice, with a heart open to every phase of human suffering and a charity that never wearied in alleviating the horrors of war. (1).

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(1). The fiftieth anniversary of the foundation in Philadelphia of the Sisters of St. Joseph was celebrated May 5, 1897, at the Mount St. Joseph's Novitiate, in Chestnut Hill. About ninety priests from Philadelphia and adjacent dioceses were present, and the venerable Monsignor Cantwell, who, with Bishop O'Hara, of Scranton, was the only one then living who extended the hand of welcome to the three Sisters who came from St. Louis fifty years previous, was among the guests. There were present also about two hundred visiting Sisters from the various Catholic institutions in the city and several from Rochester, N. Y., and Flushing, L. I. Archbishop Ryan made a brief address of congratulation to the pupils and the community. He said that forty-five years ago he knew the Sisters of the St. Louis Community, and that he had watched their astounding growth with much interest. He paid a glowing tribute to the beneficence and charity of the community, and prayed that God would cause them to prosper in the future as He had done in the past.

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CHAPTER XXV.

SISTERS OF THE HOLY CROSS.

The heroic life and labors of Mother Angela. A cousin of the late James G. Blaine. She gives up her school at South Bend, Ind., to serve through the war. A historic meeting between Mother Angela and General Grant. Rev. L. A. Lambert, the chaplain at Mound City. Sixty Sisters of the Holy Cross on duty. Sister Angela, of the Visitation Community, and her love for the soldiers.

Mother Angela, of the Holy Cross Sisters, was one of the most devoted nurses in any of the orders that served during the civil war. She was a woman of high birth and considerable refinement. She came from a well-known Pennsylvania Irish family—the Gillespies. It was from this family that James Gillespie Blaine was so named. She was a cousin of the illustrious man, and was also related to the Ewings and the Shermans. Her parents migrated from Pennsylvania to Illinois while she was quite young, and her education was received at the Academy of the Visitation, in Washington, D. C. Mother Angela always had a high regard for Blaine. She was intimately acquainted with the details of his early life and his home at Brownsville, Pa. To those in whom she placed great confidence she frequent-

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ly gave touching incidents of the young man's early career, and on more than one occasion she repelled slanders which were no doubt implicitly believed by the public at large. She became connected with the Holy Cross Sisters many years before the war. When the first gun was fired at Sumter Mother Angela was in charge of a flourishing school at South Bend. When the need for nurses became pressing this was given up, the scholars returned to their homes, and the Sister teachers volunteered their services to those in charge of the hospitals. Mother Angela was sent out by the Very Rev. Father Sourin, Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, whose head house was at Notre Dame, Indiana.

Mother Angela met many of the great generals of the war, and they all united in declaring her a woman of marvelous executive ability. Besides this she had many other accomplishments of a high order. Although she was the Mother in charge, she gave her personal attention to many of the patients. On several historic occasions she waited upon Confederate and Union soldiers at the same time. "Johnny Reb," as he was facetiously called, and the "Yank" would lie in cots side by side, with the peaceful face of Mother Angela between them. Often men lying helpless on their backs would get into heated disputes over the relative merits of the war, and but for their physical disability would have done each other violence. The Sisters alone possessed the power to quell these quarrels, and they did it with all the tact and diplomacy becoming their gentle natures.

The story of the first meeting between General Grant and Mother Angela comes from an eye-witness of that historic episode, and can be vouched for as strictly correct.

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Grant was just then beginning to develop the traits of a leader, which were to mark him later as the greatest captain of his time. His headquarters were in an old brick building that had formerly served as a bank in Cairo. Mother Angela came to this place to report for duty to General Grant. She was accompanied by the late Dr. Brinton, an honored physician of Philadelphia, and Rev. Louis A. Lambert, D. D., LL. D. (1).

Dr. Lambert, who was to act in the capacity of chap lain, escorted Mother Angela into Grant's presence. The great Captain was seated at a desk behind the iron bars, which had evidently been formerly used by the cashier of the bank. He was writing with the air of a man who was absorbed in his task and unconscious of his surroundings. An ordinary cheap pipe was in his mouth, and every now and then he mechanically blew forth a cloud of smoke. The characteristics of the man so well-known in later years were just as pronounced then. The people all around him were plainly agitated with the thought of the great war that was about to rage in all its fury. He sat at his work calm, silent, and with an imperturbability of countenance that was sphinx-like. Dr. Brinton, who had been one of the first to suggest the Sisters, introduced Mother Angela to Grant. The General came out from behind the iron grating with his head bare, and, taking Mother Angela's hand, gave it a hearty shake. The pipe he had been smoking was temporarily laid aside. There was a moment's si-

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(1). Father Lambert is one of the most notable priests in the United States. His ancestors on his mother's side came over with William Penn and eventually settled in Mt. Holly, N. J. Father Lambert had some very interesting experiences as an army chaplain. He is a writer of some note and has been a worker in Catholic journalism for many years. His best known work is probably his "Notes on Ingersoll," which had a tremendous sale.

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lence, and then Grant, looking at his visitor with a pleasant smile, said:

"I am glad to have you with us, very glad."

There was a pause for a second, and then he added:

"If there is anything at all I can do for you I will be glad to do it. I thoroughly appreciate the value of your services, and I will give orders to see that you do not want for anything."

After a few more minutes of general conversation, in which Dr. Brinton and Father Lambert joined, Mother Angela and the Sisters started for their mission at Mound City. In later years General Grant frequently expressed profound admiration for Mother Angela, not only as a nurse, but as a woman of unusual ability.

The party had quite an experience in reaching their destination. The wagon which had been detailed as their conveyance broke down when they were half way thither, and there was some difficulty in patching it up sufficiently to finish the journey. But it was done, and the Sisters eventually reached Mound City, and began their work of mercy in the hospital located there. Sister Ferdinand was a fellow laborer with Mother Angela at this time. Father Lambert, the chaplain, attended the Post Hospital at Mound City and said Mass at 4 o'clock in the morning for the benefit of Mother Angela and her Sisters.

There was one incident that was kept quiet and which did not become generally known until after the war. Small-pox was raging at the time, and one of the brave Sisters was stricken down. She was hastily stowed away in a garret of the hospital building and a special guard placed over her. She recovered, and after that devoted herself to nursing others with even more zeal than she had shown

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before she was stricken down. Ordinarily small-pox cases were sent to the pest house, but in this instance the tenderness of the Sisters would not permit them to part with their afflicted colleague. It was against the rules, to be sure, but who can blame the Sisters for this merciful breach of discipline? It is only proper to state that the case was so isolated that not one of the twelve hundred patients was affected even in the remotest degree. One who was in the hospital at this time says that he is not certain but that the Surgeon General knew of the hidden case. The Very Rev. Father Corby, now Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame, was probably the most conspicuous chaplain during the war. He belonged to the same order with Mother Angela.

There were between 1200 and 1400 patients in the hospital, and all received the kindest care and attention. Mother Angela served through all the war, winning extraordinary distinction for tact, diplomacy and faithfulness.

The official communication written by Commander Davis after a battle on White River, June 17, 1862, indicates that Mother Angela was not unknown to the authorities.

Hon. Gideon Wells, Secretary of the Navy.

U. S. Flag Steamer Benton, Memphis, June 20, 1862.

Sir:—The number of men on board the hospital boat Red Rover is forty-one. The account given me yesterday was incorrect. I shall still wait for further knowledge before presenting a final report of the casualties attending the capture of the St. Charles forts. The Department will be gratified to learn that the patients are, most of them, doing well. * * * Sister Angela, the Superior of the Sisters of the Holy Cross (some of whom are performing their offices of mercy at

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the Mound City Hospital), has kindly offered the services of the Sisters for the hospital boat of this squadron when needed. I have written to Commander Rennock to make arrangements for their coming.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully your obedient servant, CHARLES H. DAVIS,

Flag Officer Commanding Western Flotilla.

The following reference to the Holy Cross Sisters from the pen of Father Corby is apropos:

"Sixty Sisters of the Holy Cross went out under Mother Angela. These Sisters volunteered their services to nurse the sick and the wounded soldiers, hundreds of whom, moved to sentiments of purest piety by the words and example of these angel nurses, begged to be baptized in articulo mortis—at the point of death. The labors and self-sacrifice of the Sisters during the war need no praise here. The praise is on the lips of every surviving soldier who experienced their kind and careful ministration. Many a soldier now looks down from on high with complacency on the worthy Sisters who were instrumental in saving the soul when life could not be saved. Nor was it alone from the Order of the Sisters of the Holy Cross that Sister nurses engaged in the care of the sick and wounded soldiers. Many other orders made costly sacrifices to save life and to save souls, notably the noble Order of the Sisters of Charity. To members of this order I am personally indebted. When prostrate with camp fever, insensible for nearly three days, my life was entrusted to their care. Like guardian angels these Daughters of St. Vincent watched every symptom of the fever, and by their skill and care I was soon able to return to my post of duty." (1).

There was another Sister Angela who was prominent during the civil war, but who was not so conspicuous as

(1). From Father Corby's "Memories of Chaplain Life."

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her illustrious namesake. She is thus referred to in a recent work: (2).

"Sister Angela became a member of the Community (Visitation Sisters) about 1819. She was one of those characters who convey to the mind the image of a soul of spotless innocence. She celebrated her golden jubilee and lived for several years afterwards, retained to the last her full mental faculties and childlike simplicity. She was made Superioress of the foundation in Philadelphia. On the breaking up of the house there she was recalled to Georgetown. Then for twelve years at different times she served as Superioress of Georgetown Convent and governed with a gentle firmness and a lovely spirit of forebearance; enduring the many trials incidental to authority with the utmost patience.

"During the civil war her energy and wisdom shone forth especially. She was at that time most generous in trying to aid poor chaplains, and she showed a true zeal for souls in the advice she gave to soldiers who applied to her for help. Her charity was remembered, as the nuns of Georgetown had reason to realize not long ago, during the encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, when one of the veterans called to see "Sister Angela," not knowing she had been dead several years. The veteran gave as his reason for desiring to see her that the angelic Superioress had converted him. Whenever worn out with marching and laden with dust, regiments halted in front of the Convent during the war, a liberal lunch was served to the weary soldiers, and objects of piety sent out to those who wanted them by Sister Angela."

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(2). A "Story of Courage," by Rose Hawthorne and George Parsons Lathrop.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

NON-CATHOLIC TRIBUTES.

Comment of Mary A. Livermore upon the work of Mother Angela at Mound City: "The world has known no nobler and more heroic women than those found in the ranks of the Catholic Sisterhoods." A famous scout gives his impressions of the Sisters. Susan D. Messinger tells of the work of the Sisters at New Berne, N. C.

No tributes that have been paid to the work of the Catholic Sisterhoods during the war have been more cordial or more emphatic than those coming from non-Catholic sources. It is a significant fact that those most prejudiced against the Sisters have been persons who knew the least about them, while the warmest friends of the dark-robed messengers of charity and peace have been persons who came in contact with them and their labors for humanity.

Mary A. Livermore, whose personal services during the war were by no means inconsiderable, is one non-Catholic writer who does not hesitate to give the Catholic Sister full credit for what she did. Miss Livermore says the Mound City Hospital, in charge of the Sisters of the Holy

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Cross, was considered the best military hospital in the United States. She writes: (1).

"There was one general hospital in Cairo, called by the people 'the Brick Hospital.' Here the Sisters of the Holy Cross were employed as nurses, one or more to each ward. Here were order, cleanliness and good nursing. The food was cooked in a kitchen outside of the hospital. Surgeons were detailed to every ward and visited their patients twice a day, and oftener if necessary. The apothecaries' room was supplied with an ample store of medicines and surgical appliances, and the store-rooms possessed an abundance of clothing and delicacies for the sick."

The work done at Mound City is thus graphically set forth: "Except in Mound City everything was in a chaotic condition compared with the complete arrangement afterwards. The hospital at Mound City occupied a block of brick stores, built before the war to accommodate the prospective commerce of the war. They had not been occupied, and as the blockade of the Mississippi rendered it uncertain when they would be needed for their legitimate use, they were turned over to the medical department for hospital use. At the time of my visit the Mound City hospital was considered the best military hospital in the United States. This was due to the administrative talent of Dr. E. S. Franklin, of Dubuque, Ia., who, despite poverty of means and material, transformed the rough block of stores into a superb hospital, accommodating 1000 patients. Fifteen hundred had been crowded in it by dint of close packing.

"The most thorough system was maintained in every

(1). A woman's story of the war.

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department. There was an exact time and place for everything. Every person was assigned to a particular work and held responsible for its performance. If anyone proved a shirk, incompetent or insubordinate, he was sent off in the next boat. A Shaker-like cleanliness and sweetness of atmosphere pervaded the various wards; the sheets and pillows were of immaculate whiteness and the patients who were convalescent were cheerful and contented. The Sisters of the Holy Cross were employed as nurses, and by their skill, quietness, gentleness and tenderness were invaluable in the sick wards. Every patient gave hearty testimony to the skill and kindness of the Sisters.

"Mother Angela was the Superior of the Sisters—a gifted lady of rare cultivation and executive ability with winning sweetness of manner. She was a member of the Ewing family and a cousin of Mr. and Mrs. General Sherman. The Sisters had nearly broken up their famous schools at Sound Bend to answer the demand for nurses. If I had ever felt prejudiced against these Sisters as nurses, my experience with them during the war would have dissipated it entirely. The world has known no nobler and more heroic women than those found in the ranks of the Catholic Sisterhoods."

Captain "Jack" Crawford, who became famous as a scout in the Union army, in the course of a lecture delivered after the war, speaks of the Sisters as follows:

"On all God's green and beautiful earth there are no purer, no nobler, no more kind-hearted and self-sacrificing women than those who wear the sombre garb of Catholic Sisters. During the war I had many opportunities for observing their noble and heroic work, not only in the camp and hospital, but on the death-swept field of battle. Right

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in the fiery front of dreadful war, where bullets hissed in maddening glee, and shot and shell flew madly by with demoniac shrieks, where dead and mangled forms lay with pale, blood-flecked faces, yet wear the scowl of battle, I have seen the black-robed Sisters moving over the field, their solicitous faces wet with the tears of sympathy, administering to the wants of the wounded and whispering words of comfort into the ears soon to be deafened by the cold, implacable hand of death. Now kneeling on the blood-bespattered sod to moisten with water the bloodless lips on which the icy kiss of the death angel has left its pale imprint; now breathing words of hope of an immortality beyond the grave into the ear of some mangled hero, whose last shots in our glorious cause had been fired but a moment before; now holding the crucifix to receive the last kiss from somebody's darling boy, from whose breast the life blood was splashing and who had offered his life as a willing sacrifice on the altar of his country; now with tender touch and tear-dimmed eye binding gaping wounds, from which most women must have shrunk in horror; now scraping together a pillow of forest leaves, upon which some pain-racked head might rest until the spirit took its flight to other realms—brave, fearless of danger, trusting implicitly in the Master whose overshadowing eye was noting their every movement; standing as shielding, prayerful angels between the dying soldiers and the horrors of death. Their only recompense the sweet, soul-soothing consciousness that they were doing their duty; their only hope of reward that peace and eternal happiness which awaited them beyond the star-emblazoned battlements above. Oh! my friends, it was a noble work.

"How many a veteran of the war, who wore the Blue

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or the Gray, can yet recall the soothing touch of a Sister's hand as he lay upon the pain-tossed couch of a hospital! Can we ever forget their sympathetic-eyes, their low, soft-spoken words of encouragement and cheer when the result of the struggle between life and death yet hung in the balance? Oh! how often have I followed the form of that good Sister Valencia with my sunken eyes as she moved away from my cot to the cot of another sufferer and have breathed from the most sacred depths of my faintly-beating heart the fervent prayer: 'God bless her! God bless her!'

"My friends, I am not a Catholic, but I stand ready at any and all times to defend these noble women, even with my life, for I owe that life to them."

Miss Susan D. Messinger, of Roxbury, Mass., writes the following eloquent letter to the author:

"It is with real pleasure I pay my tribute to that noble band of Sisters of Mercy, who did such a Christian work of love and helpfulness for our suffering soldier boys in New Berne, N. C. My brother, Captain (afterwards Colonel) Messinger, was on the staff of Major General John G. Foster, Eighteenth Army Corps, stationed at New Berne, N. C. After the taking of New Berne my brother was made Provost Marshal and given quarters near the general at the request of Mrs. Foster, my sister. Mrs. Messinger and I were sent for to stay a few weeks, although in no official capacity. No woman could be in the army without finding much she could do to relieve and comfort, and especially through the home our little quarters became to all, from major generals to privates. We could not go home. We stayed until summer. I write all this personal matter to show how I was thrown into the companionship of these

Catholic Sisters. Although my brother and myself were Unitarians we became close, congenial friends with these brave women, who had to seek constantly advice and help from my brother on account of his position as Provost Marshal.

"General Foster was a Catholic and brought to New Berne six Sisters from the Convent of Mercy, in New York, to take charge of a hospital in New Berne for special cases. He took for their convent a house which had been General Burnsides' headquarters, and which also, during the war of the Revolution, had been occupied by Washington, his room and writing table sacredly preserved. This house communicated by a plank walk with another house, or houses, used as hospitals, and only over that plank walk did those devoted women ever take any exercise or recreation. They literally gave themselves as nurses to the poor, wounded, maimed and sick soldiers brought to them day after day. And most beautifully did they fulfill the charge. Many a soldier will never forget their tender, unselfish care and devotion. I was witness myself to much of it, as I was privileged to go from ward to ward. Many a dying man blessed them as angels of mercy, almost looking upon them as sent from the other world.

"One dear young fellow, who was almost reverenced by doctors and nurses for his patience and fortitude (young George Brooks, brother to the late Bishop Philipps Brooks), looked up into the sweet face of Mother Augustine, as she bent over to minister or to soothe the dear boy, with: 'Mother, thank you, Mother,' and with such an ineffable smile of peace. We could never tell if in his delirium he thought it was his own mother, but the peace on the boy's face showed what his nurse had been to him. His sickness

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was short and death came just before the father reached New Berne.

"One dear young friend of mine, Sergeant Charles Hinkling, was sick under their care many weeks; finally brought home to linger and die; but he and his family were most deeply grateful to the kind Sisters for the tender care bestowed upon him in their hospital, especially by Sister Gertrude.

"Sister Mary Gertrude is now the Mother Superior of an institution in California, after a life of hard work among the poor and suffering. I think she is perhaps the only one living of those dear women I knew in New Berne.

"It was through the winter of 1862-63 that the Sisters were in New Berne. The next year the headquarters were removed to Fortress Monroe and the Sisters returned to New York.

"Through these thirty years more—my brother and many, many more who could have borne evidence to the faithful work of the Sisters of Mercy in New Berne—have answered the roll call to the Home above. But those days stand out in my memory as clearly as if yesterday, with all the pain, anxiety, hope, fear and faith, and no scenes are more real to me than those hours with those devoted women who were helping God's children so wisely, so gently, with no thought of reward or glory! God bless their memories to us all."

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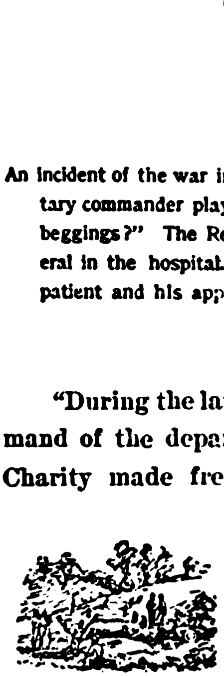
CHAPTER XXVII.

A LESSON IN CHARITY.

An incident of the war in which a gentle Sister of Charity and a stern military commander played the leading parts. "What do you do with your beggings?" The Red River campaign and its fatal results. The general in the hospital. "Did you get the ice and beef?" A grateful patient and his appreciation of the real worth of the Sisters.

"During the late war, and when General S. was in command of the department at New Orleans, the Sisters of Charity made frequent applications to him for assistance. (1). Especially were they desirous to obtain supplies at what was termed 'commissary prices;' that is, at a reduction or commutation of one-third the amount which the same provisions would cost at market



rates. The principal demand was for ice, flour, beef and coffee, but mainly ice, a luxury which only the Union forces could enjoy at anything like a reasonable price. The hospitals were full of the sick and wounded of both the Federal and Confederate armies, and the benevolent institutions of the city were taxed to the utmost in their endeavors to aid the poor and the suffering, for those were trying

(1). This interesting narrative was originally published in "The Philadelphia Times" and afterwards in Father Corby's "Memories of Chaplain life."

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times, and war has many victims. Foremost among these Christian workers stood the various Christian Sisterhoods. These noble women were busy day and night, never seeming to know fatigue, and overcoming every obstacle that, in so many discouraging forms, obstructed the way of doing good—obstacles which would have completely disheartened less resolute women, or those not trained in the school of patience, faith, hope and charity, and where the first grand lesson learned is self-denial. Of money there was little, and food, fuel and medicine were scarce and dear; yet they never faltered, going on in the face of all difficulties, through poverty, war and unfriendly aspersions, never turning aside, never complaining, never despairing. No one will ever know the sublime courage of these lowly Sisters during the dark days of the Rebellion. Only in that hour when the Judge of all mankind shall summon before Him the living and the dead will they receive their true reward, the crown everlasting, and the benediction: 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'

"It was just a week previous to the Red River campaign, when all was hurry and activity throughout the Department of the Gulf, that General S., a stern, irascible old officer of the regular army, sat at his desk in his office on Julia street, curtly giving orders to subordinates, dispatching messengers hither and thither to every part of the city where troops were stationed, and stiffly receiving such of his command as had important business to transact.

"In the midst of this unusual hurry and preparation the door noiselessly opened, and a humble Sister of Charity entered the room. A handsome young lieutenant of the staff instantly arose and deferentially handed her a chair,

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for those sombre gray garments were respected, if not understood, even though he had no reverence for the religious faith which they represented.

"General S. looked up from his writing, angered by the intrusion of one whose 'fanaticism' he despised, and a frown of annoyance and displeasure gathered darkly on his brow.

" 'Orderly!'

"The soldier on duty without the door, who had admitted the Sister, faced about, saluted and stood mute, awaiting the further command of his chief.

" 'Did I not give orders that no one was to be admitted?'

" 'Yes, sir; but—"

" 'When I say no one, I mean no one,' thundered the General.

"The orderly bowed and returned to his post. He was too wise a soldier to enter into explanation with so irritable a superior. All this time the patient Sister sat calm and still, biding the moment when she might speak and meekly state the object of her mission. The General gave her the opportunity in the briefest manner possible, and sharply enough, too, in all conscience.

" 'Well, madam?'

"She raised a pair of sad, dark eyes to his face, and the gaze was so pure, so saintly, so full of silent pleading, that the rough old soldier was touched in spite of himself. Around her fell the heavy muffling dress of her order, which, however coarse and ungraceful, had something strangely solemn and mournful about it. Her hands, small and fair, were clasped almost suppliantly, and half-hidden in the loose sleeves, as if afraid of their own trembling

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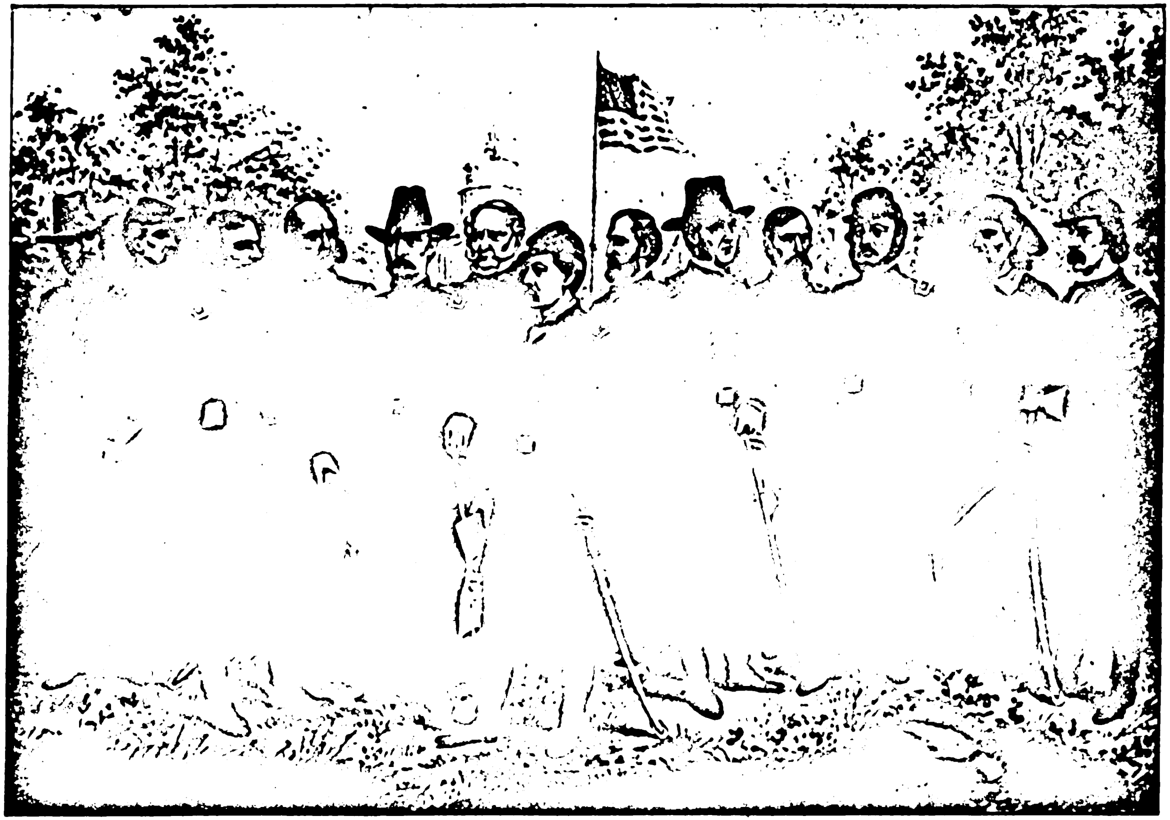

UNION LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

HOWARD, THOMAS, KEARNY, HANCOCK, BURNSIDE, McCLELLAN, SCOTT, ROSECRANS, HOOKER, WALLACE, BUTLER, CUSTER, LOGAN

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beauty; hands that had touched tenderly, lovingly, so many death-damp foreheads; that had soothed so much pain; eyes that had met prayerfully so many dying glances; lips that had cheered to the mysterious land so many parting souls, and she was only a Sister of Charity—only one of that innumerable band whose good deeds shall live after them.

"'We have a household of sick and wounded whom we must care for in some way, and I came to ask of you the privilege, which I humbly beseech you will not deny us, of obtaining ice and beef at commissary prices.'

"The gentle, earnest pleading fell on deaf ears.

"'Always something,' snarled the General. 'Last week it was flour and ice; to-day it is ice and beef; to-morrow it will be coffee and ice, I suppose, and all for a lot of rascally rebels, who ought to be shot, instead of being nursed back to life and treason.'

"'General!'—the Sister was majestic now—'Rebel or Federal, I do not know; Protestant or Catholic, I do not ask. They are not soldiers when they come to us; they are simply suffering fellow-creatures. Rich or poor, of gentle or lowly blood, it is not our province to inquire. Ununiformed, unarmed, sick and helpless, we ask not on which side they fought. Our work begins after yours is done. Yours the carnage, ours the binding up of wounds. Yours the battle, ours the duty of caring for the mangled left behind on the field. Ice I want for the sick, the wounded, the dying. I plead for all, I beg for all, I pray for all God's poor suffering creatures, wherever I may find them.'

"'Yes, you can beg, I'll admit. What do you do with all your beggings? It is always more, more! never enough!'

"With this, the General resumed his writing, thereby giving the Sister to understand that she was dismissed. For a moment her eyes fell, her lips trembled—it was a cruel taunt. Then the tremulous hands slowly lifted and folded tightly across her breast, as if to still some sudden heartache the unkind words called up. Very low, and sweet, and earnest was her reply:

"'What do we do with out beggings? Oh, that is a hard question to ask of one whose way of life leads ever among the poor, the sorrowing, the unfortunate, the most wretched of mankind. Not on me is it wasted. I stand here in my earthly all. What do we do with it? Ah! some day you may know.'

"She turned away and left him, sad of face, heavy of heart, and her dark eyes misty with unshed tears.

"'Stay!'

"The General's request was like a command. He could be stern; nay, almost rude, but he knew truth and worth when he saw it, and could be just. The Sister paused on the threshhold, and for a minute nothing was heard but the rapid scratching of the General's pen.

"'There, madam, is your order on the Commissary for ice and beef at army terms, good for three months. I do it for the sake of the Union Soldiers who are, or may be, in you care. Don't come bothering me again. Good-morning!'

"In less than three weeks from that day the slaughter of the Red River campaign had been perfected, and there neared the city of New Orleans a steamer flying the ominous yellow flag, which even the rebel sharpshooters respected and allowed to pass down the river unmolested. Another, and still another, followed closely in her wake, and all

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the decks were covered with the wounded and dying whose bloody bandages and, in many instances, undressed wounds gave woeful evidence of the lack of surgeons, as well as the completeness of the rout. Among the desperately wounded was General S. He was borne from the steamer to the waiting ambulance, writhing in anguish from the pain of his bleeding and shell-torn limb, and when they asked him where he wished to be taken he feebly moaned:

"'Anywhere, it matters not. Where I can die in peace.'

"So they took him to the Hotel Dieu, a noble and beautiful institution, in charge of the Sisters of Charity. The limb was amputated and then he was nursed for weeks through the agony of the surgical operation, the fever, the wild delirium; and for many weary days no one could tell whether life or death would be the victor. But who was the quiet, faithful nurse, ever at his bedside, ever ministering to his wants, ever watchful of his smallest needs? Why only 'one of the Sisters.'

"At last life triumphed, reason returned, and with it much of the old, abrupt manner. The General awoke to consciousness to see a face not altogether unknown bending over him, and to feel a pair of small, deft hands skillfully arranging a bandage, wet in ice-cold water, around his throbbing temples, where the mad pain and aching had for so long a time held sway. He was better now, though still very weak; but his mind was clear, and he could think calmly and connectedly of all that had taken place since the fatal battle—a battle which had so nearly cost him his life and left him at best but a maimed and mutilated remnant of his former self.

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"Yet he was thankful it was no worse—that he had not been killed outright. In like degree he was grateful to those who nursed him so tenderly and tirelessly, especially the gray-robed woman, who had become almost angelic in his eyes; and it was like him to express his gratitude in his own peculiar way, without preface or circumlocution. Looking intently at the Sister, as if to get her features well fixed in his memory, he said:

"'Did you get the ice and beef?'

"The Sister started. The question was so direct and unexpected. Surely her patient must be getting—really himself!

"'Yes,' she replied simply, but with a kind glance of the soft, sad eyes, that spoke eloquently her thanks.

"'And you name is ——"

"'Sister Francis.'

'"Well, then, Sister Francis, I am glad you got the things—glad I gave you the order. I think I know now what you do with your beggings. I comprehend something of your work, your charity, your religion, and I hope to be the better for the knowledge. I owe you a debt I can never repay, but you will endeavor to believe that I am deeply grateful for all your great goodness and ceaseless care.'

"'Nay; you owe me nothing; but to Him, whose cross I bear and in whose lordly footsteps I try to follow, you owe a debt of gratitude unbounded. To His infinite mercy I commend you. It matters not for the body; it is that divine mystery, the soul, I would save. My work here is done. I leave you to the care of others. Adieu.'

"The door softly opened and closed, and he saw Sister Francis no more.

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"Two months afterward she received a letter sent to the care of the Mother Superior, inclosing a check for a thousand dollars. At the same time the General took occasion to remark that he wished he were able to make it twice the amount, since he knew by experience 'What they did with their beggings.'"

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APPENDIX.

I.

AN INNOCENT VICTIM.

The frontispiece, entitled "An Innocent Victim," that adorns this volume is taken from a famous painting executed by S. Seymour Thomas, an artist who is rapidly rising to fame. Mr. Thomas was born in San Augustine, Tex., studied in New York at the Art Students' League, and from there went to Paris, where he is recognized as an artist of great power. This picture was exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition, in Chicago, where it attracted great attention.

II.

MEDALS FOR SISTERS.

The official gazette of the French Government recently published an order of the Minister of War granting medals to certain Catholic Sisters. A gold medal has been awarded to Sister Clare, of the Order of Sisters of St. Charles, for twenty-seven years' service in the wards of the military hospital at Toul, and for previous service at Nancy, during the whole of which time she had given constant evidence of her devotion to duty. Silver medals have been given to Sister Gabrielle for thirty-six years' work, during twen-

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ty-three of which she has been Superior; to Sister Adrienne for thirty-eight years' service, and to Sister Charlotte for eleven years' service. These last three religious have been attached to the mixed hospital of Verdun, and, according to the official notice, have been remarkable for their zeal and their devoted care of the sick soldiers.

III.

HONORED BY THE QUEEN.

The Queen of England only a few months ago showed her appreciation of the work of the Sisters in time of war by bestowing the Royal Red Cross upon the venerable Mother Aloysius Doyle, of the Convent of Mercy, Gort, Ireland. The following correspondence deserves to be preserved:

Pall Mall, London, S. W.,
February 15, 1897.

Madam:—The Queen having been pleased to bestow upon you the decoration of the Royal Red Cross, I have to inform you that in the case of such honors as this it is the custom of Her Majesty to personally bestow the decoration upon the recipient when such a course is convenient to all concerned, and I have, therefore, to request that you will be so good as to inform me whether it would be convenient to you to attend at Windsor some time within the next few weeks. Should any circumstances prevent your receiving the Royal Red Cross from the hands of Her Majesty it could be transmitted by post to your present address. I am, madam, your obedient servant,

GEORGE M. FARQUHARSON.

SISTER MARY ALOYSIUS.

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St. Patrick's, Gort, County Galway.

Sir:—I received your letter of the 15th, intimating to me that Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen is pleased to bestow on me the Order of the Royal Cross in recognition of the services of my Sisters in religion and my own in caring for the wounded soldiers at the Crimea during the war. My words cannot express my gratitude for the great honor which Her Majesty is pleased to confer on me. The favor is, if possible, enhanced by the permission to receive this public mark of favor at Her Majesty's own hands. The weight of seventy-six years and the infirmities of age will, I trust, dispense me from the journey to the palace. I will, therefore, with sentiments of deepest gratitude ask to be permitted to receive this mark of my Sovereign's favor in the less public and formal manner you have kindly indicated. I am, sir, faithfully yours in Jesus Christ,

SISTER M. ALOYSIUS.

February 17, 1897.

IV.

VETERANS OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

In August, 1897, at the close of the ceremonies incident to the celebration of her Diamond Jubilee, the Queen of Great Britain conferred the decoration of the Royal Red Cross upon Army Nursing Sisters Mary Helen Ellis, Mary Stanilaus Jones, Mary Anastasia Kelly and Mary de Chantal Huddon, in recognition of their services in tending the sick and wounded at the seat of war during the Crimean campaign of 1854-56. Their services were very much appreciated by Miss Nightingale, who, indeed, has ever since shown her interest in them in many ways.

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The three Sisters first mentioned, together with another who has died since, were on their return from the East, asked to undertake the nursing at a hospital, just then being established in Great Ormond street, for incurable and dying female patients, and to this hospital they have been attached to the present time.

V.

POOR SISTERS OF ST. CLAIRE.

Professor Edward Roth, the well-known Philadelphia educator, is authority for this episode of the Franco-German war. He quotes General Ambert, who fought as a private in the war, as follows:

"Oh, yes; one of them I shall never forget. Poor Sister St. Claire! I see her this moment, her big black veil trimmed with blue, as she makes her way through the blood-smeared straw of our crowded barn. The roaring of the cannon was awful, but she did not seem to mind it; she did not seem to mind even the terrible fire that was now raging through the last houses of the village, the flames near enough to cast an unearthly glimmer on the suffering faces of the wounded men. But, oh! how her sharp ear caught the slightest complaint! How she flew towards the faintest whisper!

"Everywhere at once—with each one of us at the same time! What iron strength God must have put into that little body! Your eye had hardly caught glimpse of it when you felt already at your lips the cool refreshing drink

that you had not the courage to ask for. You had hardly opened your dimmed eyes, heavy with pain and fever, when you were aware of a face bending over you, keen, indeed, and bright, though slightly poxmarked; but so resolute, calm, smiling and kindly that you instantly forgot your sufferings, forgot the Prussians with their bombs bursting around you, forgot even the conflagration that was drawing nearer and nearer and threatened soon to swallow up the barn in which our ambulances had taken shelter. Good Sister St. Claire, you are now with your God, the voluntary victim of your heart and your faith, but I have often wished since that you were once more among us, listening to the thanks and prayers of such of us as are still alive and never to forget you. But you did not hear even the tenth part of the blessings of those that died with your name on their lips as they sank to their eternal sleep tranquilly, resignedly, hopefully, thanks to your holy ministrations!

"It was the evening of August 16, 1870, the day of our bloodiest battle—Gravelotte. For hours and hours the wounded had been carried persistently and in great numbers to the rear. In a large barn near Rezonville those of us had been laid whose intense sufferings would not permit them to be removed further. Thrown hurriedly down wherever room could be found, the first arms you saw extending towards you, were those of that little dark-faced woman, her lips smiling, but her eyes glistening with tears. A few yards only from the field of battle, from the very thick of the fight; a few yards only from the muddy, blood-slipping ground where you had just sunk, fully expecting to be soon trampled to death like so many others, what heavenly comfort it was to meet such burning charity!

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How it at once relieved your physical sufferings, soothed off your mortification and drove away your deadening despair!

"Poor Sister St. Claire! All that evening and all that long night to get water for the fifty agonized voices calling for it every moment you had to cross a yard hissing with bullets, but every five minutes out you went with your two buckets and back you soon came as serene and undisturbed as if God Himself had made you invulnerable. And so the long night wore away.

"But next morning our army, after a fifteen hours' valiant struggle and after resting all night on the battlefield, had to fall back towards Metz, and the barn had to be immediately vacated. There was no time for using the regular ambulances, for the Prussians, though they could not take any of our positions the previous evening, being heavily reinforced were now steadily advancing. The wounded, picked up hastily and carried out without ceremony, were piled on trucks, tumbrils and every available vehicle.

"Oh, the cries! the pains! the sufferings! Still, dear Sister St. Claire, though for forty-eight hours you hadn't had a second for your own rest, you contrived to pass continually from one end of that wretched column to the other, with a little water for this one, a good word for that, a smile or friendly nod for a third, your little arms lifting out of danger a head that leaned over too far, or shifting into a more comfortable position the poor fellow whose leg had been cut off during the night and who would probably be dead in an hour or two. Then you found a seat for yourself on the last wagon.

"Alas! you were not there half an hour when the bul-

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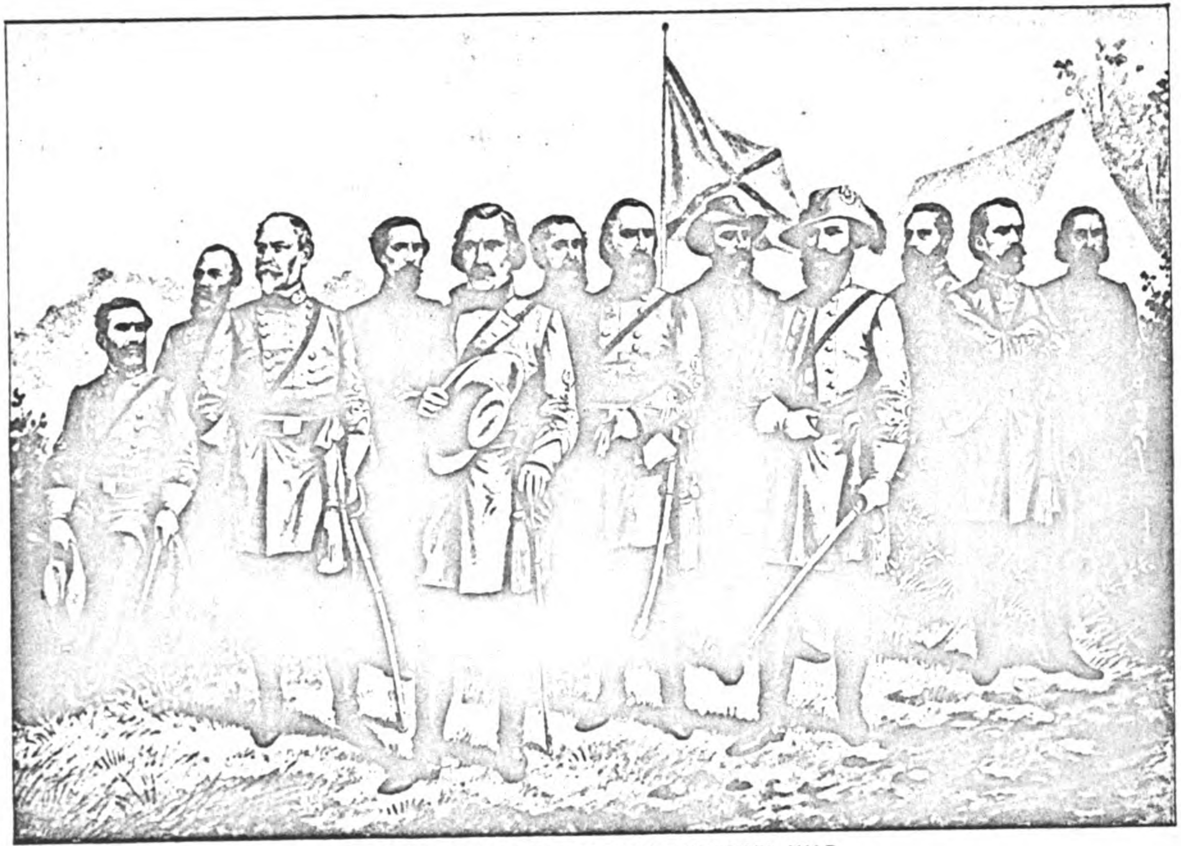

CONFEDERATE LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BRAGG, "JOE" JOHNSTON, SMITH, PEMBERTON, A. S. JOHNSTON, HAMPTON, LONGSTREET, EARLY, STUART, FITZ-HUGH LEE, GORDON, PICKETT

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let struck you—struck you as you were striving to keep a poor, wounded, helpless man from rolling out. A squadron of Uhlans suddenly cut us off from the army and made us all prisoners.

"Poor Sister! It was by the hands of our enemies that the grave was dug where you are now lying in the midst of those on whom you expended the treasures of your saintly soul. Of us that survive you there is probably not one in a thousand that will ever know the name of that little Sister of the Trinity—in religion Sister St. Claire—that bright vision of charity flashing continually before us during the long ride of agony in the barn near Rezonville.

"Your holy limbs are now resting in an unknown corner of Lorraine—no longer your dear France—but your blessed memory will live forever in the grateful hearts of those you have died for!"

VI.

LORD NAPIER'S TESTIMONY.

Lord Napier, who held a diplomatic position under Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, in Constantinople, during the Crimean War, gives the following testimony to the worth of the Sisters of Mercy:

"During the distress of the Crimean war the Ambassador called me in one morning and said: 'Go down to the port; you will find a ship there loaded with Jewish exiles, Russian subjects from the Crimea. It is your duty to disembark them. The Turks will give you a house in which they may be placed. I turn them over entirely to

you.' I went down to the shore and received about 200 persons, the most miserable objects that could be witnessed, most of them old men, women and children, sunk in the lowest depths of indigence and despair. I placed them in the cold, ruinous lodging allocated to them by the Ottoman authorities. I went back to the Ambassador and said: 'Your Excellency, those people are cold and I have no fuel or blankets; they are hungry, and I have no food; they are very dirty, and I have no soap; their hair is in an undesirable condition and I have no combs. What am I to do with these people?' 'Do?' said the Ambassador; 'get a couple of Sisters of Mercy; they will put all to rights in a moment.' I went, saw the Mother Superior and explained the case. I asked for two Sisters. They were at once sent. They were ladies of refinement and intellect. I was a stranger and a Protestant, and I invoked their assistance for the benefit of Jews. Yet these two women made up their bundles and followed me through the rain without a look, a whisper or a sign of hesitation. From that moment my fugitives were saved. No one saw the labors of those Sisters for months but myself, and they never endeavored to make a single convert."

In his speeches in after times Lord Napier repeatedly referred to the singular zeal and devotedness constantly shown by the Sisters to the sick of every denomination. On one occasion, in Edinburgh, he remarked that the Sisters faithfully kept their promise not to interfere with the religion of non-Catholics, but, continued his Lordship, "they made at least one convert; they converted me, if not to believe in the Catholic faith, at least to believe in the Sisters of Mercy."

The few months spent at Balaklava by the devoted

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Sisters witnessed a repetition of the deeds of heroism which had achieved such happy results at Scutari and Koulali. The cholera and a malignant type of fever had broken out in those days in the camp. By night as well as by day the Sisters were called to help the patients, yet their strength seemed never to fail in their work of charity. Besides the soldiers, there were sick civilians, Maltese, Germans, Greeks, Italians, Americans and even negroes, and to all they endeavored to give some attention.

The medical orders reveal the constant nature of the nursing required at their hands. At one time the doctor "requests that a Sister would sit up with his Dutch patient in No. 9 ward to-night." Again, "Sisters to sit up with the Maltese and the Arab." "Kind attendance on Jones every night would be necessary until a notification to the contrary be given." "Keep the stump moist; a little champagne and water to be given during the night." "Elliot is to be watched all night; powder every half hour; wine in small dose if necessary." The very confidence placed by the physicians in their careful treatment added to their toil. As the deputy purveyor-in-chief reported to the Government in December, 1855: "The medical officer can safely consign his most critical case to their hands; stimulants or opiates ordered every five minutes will be faithfully administered, though the five minutes' labor were repeated uninterruptedly for a week."

The heroism of the nuns, however, was now well known in camp, and never did workers find more sympathetic subordinates than the Sisters had in their orderlies. The fact that they would never lodge complaints or have the orderlies punished only made the men more zealous in their service. One of the Sisters found it necessary to cor

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rect her orderly. "Perhaps, James," she said, "you do not wish me to speak to you a little severely." He at once interrupted her: "Troth, Sister, I glory in your speaking to me. Sure, the day I came to Balaklava I cried with you when I saw your face." One who had taken a glass too much was so mortified at being seen by the Rev. Mother—whom the soldiers call their commander-in-chief—that he sobbed like a child. Another in the same predicament hid himself that he might not be seen by the Sister. He had never hidden from the enemy; a medal with three clasps bore eloquent testimony to his bravery. "I don't like to say anything harsh," said the Sister. "Speak, ma'am," interrupted the delinquent; "the words out of your blessed mouth are like jewels falling over me."

One of the Sisters writes: "We have not a cross here with anyone. The medical officers all work beautifully with us. They quite rely on our obedience. Sir John Hall, the head medical officer of the army, is quite loud in his promise of the nuns. The hospital and its hunts are scattered over a hill.The respect of all for the Sisters is daily increasing. Don't be shocked to hear that I am so accustomed to the soldiers now and so sure of their respect and affection that I don't mind them more than the school children." The soldiers in the camp envied the good fortune of stratagem to have a few words with the nuns. "Please, sir," they would say to the chaplain, "do send a couple of us on an errand to the hospital to get a sight of the nuns."

As the time for the nuns' departure approached the cordial manifestations of respect and kindly feeling were only the more multiplied. "The grateful affection of the soldiers (a Sister writes) is most touching, often ludicrous. They swarm around us like flocks of chickens. A black-

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veiled nun, in the midst of red coats all eyes and ears for whatever she says to them, is an ordinary sight at Balaklava. Our doors were besieged by them to get some little keepsake; a book in which we write 'Given by a Sister of Mercy' is so valuable an article that a Protestant declared he would rather have such a gift than the Victoria Cross or Crimean medal."

The Sunday after the nuns' departure the men who went to the chapel sobbed and cried as though their hearts would break. When the priest turned to speak to them and asked their prayers for the safe passage of the nuns they could not control their emotion. "I was obliged to cut short my discourse," wrote the chaplain, "else I should have cried and sobbed with my poor men." This sympathy was shown by Protestants and Catholics alike, and from the commander-in-chief to the private soldier, from the first medical officers to the simple presser in the surgery, all was a chorus in praise of the "untiring, judicious and gentle nursing of the Sisters of Mercy."

Two Sisters of Mercy were summoned to their crowns from the hospitals of the East. One was English, a lay Sister from the convent at Liverpool. She fell a victim to the cholera which raged at Balaklava. The other was a choir Sister from Ireland, Sister M. Elizabeth Butler. Already rumors of peace had brought joy to the camp, when toward the close of February 7, 1855, she caught typhus attending the sick and in a few days joyfully bade farewell to the world. One of the surviving Sisters describes her funeral. The Eighty-ninth Regiment obtained the honor and privilege of bearing the coffin to the grave. One officer earnestly desired to be among the chosen, but thought he was not worthy, as he had not been at Holy Communion on

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that morning. The whole medical staff attended. The Sisters of Charity at the Sardinian camp sent five of their number to express sympathy and condolence. Eight chaplains attended to perform the last rites for the heroine of charity.

The place of internment was beside the departed lay Sister, on a rocky hill rising over the waters of the Black Sea. The funeral was a most impressive sight. The soldiers in double file, the multitudes of various nations, ranks and employments, the silence unbroken, save by the voice of tears, the groups, still as statuary that crowded the brocks above the grave, the moaning of the sullen waves beneath, all combined in a weird pageant never to be forgotten by the thousands that took part in it. The graves of these cherished Sisters were tended with loving attention. Marked by crosses and enclosed by a high iron railing set in cut stone, they are still quite visible from the Black Sea beneath. Many a pilgrim went thither to strew the graves with flowers; and to the present day many a vessel entering the Black Sea lowers its flag in memory of those heroines, who in the true spirit of charity devoted their lives to alleviate the suffering of their countrymen.

VII.

VERY REV. JAMES FRANCIS BURLANDO, C. M.

The Very Rev. James Francis Burlando, of the Congregation of the Mission, who is mentioned several times in the text of this volume, was born on May 6, 1814, in the city of Genoa, Italy. Very early in life he became im-

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pressed with the desire of adopting the priesthood as his vocation, and on the 16th of February, 1837, his Archbishop, Cardinal Tadini, conferred on him the holy orders of sub-deacon and deacon.

Soon after this he sailed for the United States and enlisted for the American missions under Rev. John Odin, C. M., late Archbishop of New Orleans, who at that time was seeking recruits for the infant seminary at the Barrens, Missouri. Before Father Burlando could come here he was obliged to meet and overcome a very strong opposition on the part of his good father, who, although a fervent Christian, could not bear the idea of being separated from his first-born son.

The very day that Father Burlando was to be admitted to the novitiate he perceived his father at the Archepiscopal Hall, waiting for an audience with Cardinal Tadini. Guessing at once the motive of such an interview, namely, that he might exercise his authority and command the young deacon, in virtue of holy obedience, to remain with his father and family, which would prevent him from carrying out his holy desire, the young man sought to baffle the intention of his father by seeing the Archbishop first and securing his permission and blessing.

Accordingly he had recourse to the following stratagem: He borrowed from his friends the various articles of a clerical suit; from one a hat, from another a cassock differing from his own, from a third a cloak, and, to render the disguise more complete, he put on a pair of spectacles and wig. Thus equipped, he entered the house of the Cardinal, had a conversation with him, in which he received his approbation and blessing, and passed out again without being recognized by his father, who he left stand-

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ing at the door watching closely every young seminarian who entered. Fearing he might be discovered, the young man quickened his pace, and repaired immediately to the venerable R. Bartholomew Gazzano, then Superior of the Lazarists, who received him.

In the following June he left Genoa and repaired to Turin, where he was ordained priest on the 9th of July by the Most Rev. Aloysius Fransoni, Archbishop of that See. To mitigate in some measure the pain which his good father experienced on account of this separation, Father Burlando wrote him a pressing invitation to honor and gratify him by being present at his first Mass, on the 10th of July. Touched by his son's filial respect and affection, he at last relented and assisted with tearful devotion at the impressive ceremony.

A few weeks after Father Burlando went to the Mother House, in Paris, whence he set out for New Orleans. Having landed safely on the American shore, he proceeded by steamboat to Missouri, and reached the Seminary of the Barrens towards the close of the same year. He filled many positions of trust and honor. The last and most important field of his apostolic labors was the Community of the Daughters of Charity, at the Central House of St. Joseph's, near Emmittsburg, Md., whither he repaired in the spring of 1853, and where he remained for the space of twenty-three years.

"During all that time," says Father Gandolfo, his assistant, "I had more occasion than anyone else of observing his noble qualities of mind and heart. As a Superior he was always kind, discreet, obliging, generous, amiable and edifying in all that regarded the observance even of the least rule, beginning from rising at 4 o'clock in the

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morning at the first sound of the Benedicamus Domino. He was exceedingly charitable and ever ready to assist me at the first request in the performance of my duties, and this notwithstanding his frequent attacks of neuralgia and weakness of the digestive organs. I never saw him misspend a minute of his time. If he was not occupied in answering his numerous correspondents he was drawing plans of hospitals and other buildings, or attending to similar important affairs of the Community. He never retired to rest without having first read the many letters he daily received from every quarter of the United States. Although he frequently retired very late and slept but a few hours during the night, he was always ready for the hard labor of the next day."

It was largely due to the wise administration of this worthy director that the Community owed, and owes, its singular prosperity and development. It suffices to state that when he assumed the duties of his position there were only three hundred members distributed among thirty-six houses, and he lived to see the white Cornette on the brow of one thousand and forty-five Daughters of St. Vincent, having under their control ninety-seven establishments for the service of the poor, affording relief for almost every species of misfortune. Owing to his superior knowledge of architecture, he not only planned but personally supervised the erection of the greater number of these charitable institutions.

It would be impossible to enumerate the long and painful journeys he took, the multiplied dangers to which he exposed himself, and the many privations he endured for the particular welfare of the different establishments of the Sisters. How many sleepless nights he passed dur-

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ing our late civil war! There were Sisters in the North and Sisters in the South, but, by his constant vigilance, his consummate prudence, his repeated fatherly admonitions, and especially by his continual and fervent prayers, he had the consolation of seeing the entire Community free from all reproach and danger.

He has left many valuable volumes which prove his ability as a writer as well as a thinker. One of these is the "Ceremonial," which was entrusted to him by the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, approved by the Provincial Council, and which is now largely used throughout the United States. In this valuable work all the details relative to the Mass and offices of the Church, the sacred vessels and other articles used are minutely described, so that solemnity, beauty and becoming uniformity may be maintained. He also compiled the life of Father De Andreis, the pioneer of the Lazerists in this country. To him we are also indebted for the publication of the beautiful life of "Sister Eugenie, Daughter of Charity."

A person remarked that he must be well and extensively known throughout the United States, as he was always traveling and had to register his name in the hotels. "Oh, no," he replied, "I give my name in as many different languages as I can. In this way I pass unnoticed, and get a little recreation at the expense of the poor recorder, who is often at a loss to spell the foreign name. He looks bewildered, repeats it several times, and casts an inquiring glance at me; meantime I pretend stupidity and leave him write whatever he likes. Then, you see, Francis Burlando is not known."

This devoted priest breathed his last on Sunday, February 16, 1873, at the close of a day well spent in the ex-

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ercise of his sacred functions. The funeral service took place in the Central House of the Sisters of Charity, St. Joseph's, Emmittsburg, February 19, and the remains were interred in the little cemetery of the Sisters of Charity, besides the mortuary chapel, wherein repose the venerated remains of Saintly Mother Seton, foundress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States.

VIII.

MOTHER SETON.

Mother Elizabeth Ann Seton, the founder and first Superior of the Sisters of Charity in the United States, was one of the most remarkable women in the history of the Catholic Church in America. She was reared in the doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal Church and did not embrace the Catholic faith until after the death of her husband.

This distinguished woman, who was born in the city of New York on the 28th of August, 1774, was a younger daughter of Dr. Richard Bayley, an eminent physician of the metropolis. Her mother died when she was but three years of age, but her father watched over her with all the loving care of a good parent. As Miss Bayley advanced in years, nature and education combined in developing those admirable traits of character that were to make her so lovable and merciful in later life. All of her friends and relatives were members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, but the physician's daughter was more fervent in her religious duties than any of those with whom she was

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associated. From her earliest years she wore a small crucifix on her person, and was frequently heard to express regret and astonishment that the custom was not more general among the members of her church.

At the age of twenty Miss Bayley was married to William Seton, a prosperous and most estimable merchant, of New York city. It was a happy marriage, and husband and wife lived in mutual love and esteem. In 1800 Mr. Seton became embarrassed through a reaction in business, caused mainly by the consequences of the Revolutionary war. In this crisis Mrs. Seton was a help-mate in every sense of the word. She not only cheered her husband by her encouraging counsel, but rendered him practical aid in arranging his business affairs.

In the course of her married life Mrs. Seton became the mother of five children, Anna Maria, William, Richard, Catherine Josephine and Rebecca. She was a model mother, restraining, guiding and educating her offspring with a mingling of tact, tenderness and edifying example. She did not confine her goodness to her children, but was ever ready to assist the poor and suffering. One of her biographers says she was so zealous in this respect "that she and a relative who accompanied her were commonly called Protestant Sisters of Charity."

The death of Mrs. Seton's father in 1801 was a source of great sorrow to this devoted woman. Years had only served to cement the affectionate relations between father and daughter. During the last three or four years of his life Dr. Bayley was Health Officer at the Port of New York. He was naturally of a philanthropic disposition, and his official duties called him to a field that presented an unbounded field for Christian charity. It was while in

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the discharge of his duty among the immigrants that Dr. Bayley contracted the illness which carried him to his grave within a week's time.

Mrs. Seton had scarcely recovered from the shock of her father's death when her husband's health, which had never been robust, began to decline rapidly. A sea voyage and a sojourn in Italy were recommended. Mrs. Seton could not permit her husband to travel alone in his weak and exhausted state, and she accompanied him, along with her oldest child, a girl of eight. The other children were committed to the care of relatives in New York city. The child caught the whooping cough on the way over, and the anxious mother was constantly occupied in nursing the husband and daughter. Before landing the unfortunate trio were detained for many days at the lazaretto station in the harbor of Leghorn. After they landed the good wife was untiring in her attentions to her husband, but, in spite of her love and solicitude, he died on the 27th of December "among strangers and in a foreign land."

On the following 8th of April, with her tears still fresh upon the grave of her devoted husband, Mrs. Seton sailed for home. Prior to this voyage and during the fifty-six days that it occupied, Mrs. Seton began to take a deep interest in the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church. She eagerly devoured all of the literature upon the subject that opportunity offered, and also learned much by frequent conversations with friends. Deep meditation finally strengthened her in the desire to become a Catholic. Her only fear was that a change in her religious faith might bring about a coldness and a severance of the friendship that existed between herself and her friends and relatives—particularly her pastor—Rev. J. H. Ho-

bart, a man of singular talent and goodness, who afterwards became the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York.

Writing of the possibility of such an estrangement in her diary at this time, Mrs. Seton says with evident feeling: "If your dear friendship and esteem must be the price of my fidelity to what I believe to be the truth, I cannot doubt the mercy of God, who, by depriving me of one of my remaining dearest ties on earth, will certainly draw me nearer to Him." She was not mistaken. When she returned home the coldness of many of her Protestant friends was a great trial to her warm and still bleeding heart. The storm of opposition added to her grief.

The fact that Mrs. Seton was in doubt upon the question of religion made her a subject of attack for the friends of all denominations. Writing of this, she says: "I had a most affectionate note from Mr. Hobart to-day, asking me how I could ever think of leaving the Church in which I was baptized. But, though whatever he says has the weight of my partiality for him, as well as the respect it seems to me I could scarcely have for anyone else, yet that question made me smile; for it is like saying that wherever a child is born and wherever its parents place it, there it will find the truth; and he does not hear the droll invitations made me every day since I am in my little new home and old friends come to see me.

"It has already happened that one of the most excellent women I ever knew, who is of the Church of Scotland, finding me unsettled about the great object of a true faith, said to me: 'Oh, do, dear soul, come and hear our J. Mason and I am sure you will join us.'

"A little after came one whom I loved, for the purest

and most innocent of manners, of the Society of Quakers (to which I have always been attached), she coaxed me, too, with artless persuasion: 'Betsey, I tell thee, thee had better come with us.' And my faithful old friend of the Anabaptist meeting, Mrs. T——, says, with tears in her eyes: 'Oh! could you be regenerated; could you know our experiences and enjoy with us our heavenly banquet.' And my good old Mary, the Methodist, groans and contemplates, as she calls it, over my soul, so misled because I have got no convictions. But, oh, my Father and My God! all that will not do for me. Your word is truth, and without contradiction, whatever it is. One faith, one hope, one baptism, I look for, whatever it is, and I often think my sins, my miseries, hide the light. Yet I will cling and hold to my God to the last gasp, begging for that light, and never change until I find it."

Mrs. Seton's doubts were finally set at rest, and on Ash Wednesday, 1805, she was received into Catholicism in old St. Peter's Church, New York city. The embarrassed state of her husband's finances at the time of his death had involved her, and she opened a boarding house for some of the boys who attended a neighboring school. Some months later Miss Cecilia Seton, the youngest sister-in-law of Mrs. Seton, followed her into the Catholic Church. The one thought of Mrs. Seton was now to devote her life to the poor and to the Church. The opportunity came sooner than she anticipated. The co-operation of the Church authorities, and financial resources being forthcoming, a little Community was formed in St. Joseph's Valley, Emmittsburg. Vows were taken in accordance with the rules of the institute of the Sisters of Charity, of France, and in a few months ten

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Sisters were employed with the instruction of youth and the care of the sick. They were poor but happy. The first Christmas day, for instance, "they rejoiced to have some smoked herring for dinner. Rigid regulations were adopted for the government of the new order, and its growth was remarkable. Mother Seton had the satisfaction of receiving her eldest daughter into the Sisterhood. This child, as well as her youngest daughter, died soon after this. Her sons were prosperously launched in business enterprises.

Mother Seton died on the fourth of January, 1821, in the forty-seventh year of her age. Her bedside was surrounded by the dark-robed Sisters of Charity and her only surviving daughter, Josephine. Her end was happy and tranquil. Her career was one of great piety and usefulness. She has gone but her memory will live forever through the perpetration of the great order that she planted in the United States, and which has already grown to proportions far beyond the most sanguine expectation of its tender and affectionate founder.

IX.

"THE SISTER OF CHARITY."

This beautiful poem, descriptive of a Sister of Charity, written by Gerald Griffin, has taken its place among those precious bits of literature that never die. The author was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1803, and began his literary career as a reporter for a London daily. He wrote many

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novels, a tragedy and various poems. He died in Cork, in 1840. "The Sister of Charity" is as follows:

She was once a lady of honor and wealth,
Bright glowed on her features the roses of health,
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold;
Joy reveled around her—love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride;
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent De Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That called her to live for the suffering race;
And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly like Mary and answered, "I come."
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And passed from her home with the joy of a bride;
Nor wept at the threshold as onward she moved,
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast.
No more in the ball room that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the hall is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame;
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barters for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet that to music could gracefully move
Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume and gem
Are tending the helpless or lifted for them;
That voice that once echoed the song of the vain
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;
And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl
Is wet with the tears of a penitent girl.

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Her down-bed a pallet—her trinkets a bead,
Her lustre—one taper that serves her to read;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nailed by her bed;
Her paintings one print of the crown-thorned head;
Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her knees;
Her music—the Psalm or the sigh of disease;
The delicate body lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and mind,
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined.
Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.
She strengthens the weary—she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend
The Sister of Charity there is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves mid the vapor of death,
Where rings the loud musket and flashes the sword
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace;
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly! Behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise;
Yet lazy philosophers—self-seeking men—
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed,
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid?

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X.

SISTERS OF CHARITY.

(In Mr. Southey's "Sir Thomas More" the following account of the Beguines of Belgium and the Sisters of Charity of France is reprinted from the London Medical Gazette, Vol. I.)

A few summers ago I passed through Flanders on my way to Germany, and at the hospital at Bruges saw some of the Beguines, and heard the physician, with whom I was intimate, speak in strong terms of their services. He said: "There are no such nurses." I saw them in the wards attending on the sick, and in the chapel of the hospital on their knees washing the floor. They were obviously a superior class of women, and the contrast was striking between these menial offices and the respectability of their dress and appearance; but the Beguinage of Ghent is one of their principal establishments, and, spending a Sunday there, I went in the evening to vespers. It was twilight when I entered the chapel. It was dimly lighted by two or three tall tapers before the altar and a few candles at the remotest end of the building, in the orchestra, but the body of the chapel was in deep gloom, filled from end to end with several hundreds of these nuns seated in rows, in their dark dresses and white cowls, silent and motionless, excepting now and then one of them started up, and, stretching out her arms in the attitude of the crucifixion, stood in that posture many minutes, then sank and disappeared among the crowd. The gloom of the chapel, the long line of these unearthly-looking figures, like so many corpses propped up in their grave clothes—

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the dead silence of the building, once only interrupted by a few voices in the distant orchestra chanting vespers, was one of the most striking sights I ever beheld. To some readers, the occasional attitude of the nuns may seem an absurd expression of fanaticism, but they are anything but fanatics. Whoever is accustomed to the manners of Continental nations knows that they employ a grimace in everything. I much doubt whether, apart from the internal emotion of piety, the external expression of it is graceful in anyone, save only a little child in his night-shirt, on his knees, saying his evening prayer.

The Beguinage, or residence of the Beguines at Ghent, is a little town of itself, adjoining the city, and inclosed from it. The transition from the crowded streets of Ghent to the silence and solitude of the Beguinage is very striking. The houses in which the Beguines reside are contiguous, each having its small garden, and on the door the name, not of the resident, but of the protecting saint of the house; these houses are ranged into streets. There is also the large church, which we visited, and a burial ground, in which there are no monuments. There are upwards of six hundred of these nuns in the Beguinage of Ghent, and about six thousand in Brabant and Flanders. They receive sick persons into the Beguinage, and not only nurse, but support them, until they are recovered; they also go out to nurse the sick. They are bound by no vow excepting to be chaste and obedient while they remain in the order; they have the power of quitting it and returning again into the world whenever they please, but this, it is said, they seldom or never do. They are most of them women, unmarried, or widows past the middle of life. In 1244 a synod at Fritzlau decided that no Beguine should be

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FARRAGUT IN THE RIGGING.

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younger than 40 years of age. They generally dine together in the refectory; their apartments are barely yet comfortably furnished, and, like all the habitations of Flanders, remarkably clean. About their origin and name little is known by the Beguines themselves, or is to be found in books. For the following particulars I am chiefly indebted to the "Histoire des Ordres Monastiques" (tome viii):

Some attributed both their origin and name to St. Begghe, who lived in the seventh century; others to Lambert le Begue, who lived about the end of the twelfth century. This latter saint is said to have founded two Communities of them at Liege, one for women, in 1173, the other for men, in 1177. After his death they multiplied fast, and were introduced by St. Louis into Paris and other French cities. The plan flourished in France, and was adopted under other forms and names. In 1443 Nicholas Rollin, Chancellor to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, founded a hospital at Beaune and brought six Beguines from Malines to attend upon it, and the hospital became so famed for the care of its patients that the opulent people of the neighborhood, when sick, were often removed to it, preferring its attendance to what they received at home. In one part of the hospital there was a large square court, bordered with galleries leading to apartments suitable to such patients; when they quitted the hospital the donations which they left were added to its funds.

The Soeurs de la Charite, of France, are another order of religious nurses, but different from the Beguines in being bound by monastic vows. They originated in a charity sermon, perhaps the most useful and extensive in its influence that ever was preached. Vincent de Paul, a celebrated missionary, preaching at Chatillon, in 1617, recommend-

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ed a poor sick family of the neighborhood to the care of his congregation. At the conclusion of the sermon a number of persons visited the sick family with bread, wine, meat and other comforts. This led to the formation of a committee of charitable women, under the direction of Vincent de Paul, who went about relieving the sick poor of the neighborhood, and met every month to give an account of their proceedings to their superior. Such was the origin of the celebrated order of the Soeurs de la Charite. Wherever this missionary went he attempted to form similar establishments. From the country they spread to cities, and first to Paris, where, in 1629, they were established in the parish of St. Savious.

And in 1625 a female devotee, named Le Gras, joined the order of the Soeurs de la Charite. She was married young to M. Le Gras, one of whose family had founded a hospital at Puy, but, becoming a widow in 1625, in the thirty-fourth year of her age, she made a vow of celibacy, and dedicated the rest of her life to the service of the poor. In her Vincent de Paul found a great accession. Under the direction she took many journeys, visiting and inspecting the establishments which he had founded. She was commonly accompanied by a few pious ladies. Many women of quality enrolled themselves in the order, but the superiors were assisted by inferior servants. The Hotel Dieu was the first hospital in Paris where they exercised their vocation. This they visited every day, supplying the patients with comforts above what the hospital afforded, and administering, besides, religious consolation. By degrees they spread into all the provinces of France, and at length the Queen of Poland requested Mademoiselle Le Gras, for though a widow that was her title, to send her a supply of

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Socurs de la Charite, who were thus established in Varsovia, in 1652. At length, after a long life spent in the service of charity and religion, Mademoiselle Le Gras died on the 15th of March, 1660, nearly seventy years of age, and for a day and a half her body lay exposed to the gaze of the pious.

A country clergyman, who spent several years in various parts of France, gives an account of the present state of the order, which, together with what I have gathered from other sources, is in substance as follows: It consists of women of all ranks, many of them of the higher orders. After a year's novitiate in the convent, they take a vow which binds them to the order for the rest of their lives. They have two objects, to attend the sick and to educate the poor; they are spread all over France, are the superior nurses at the hospitals, and are to be found in every town, and often even in villages. Go into the Paris hospitals at almost any hour of the day, and you will see one of these respectable-looking women, in her black gown and white hood, passing slowly from bed to bed, and stopping to inquire of some poor wretch what little comfort he is fancying will alleviate his sufferings. If a parochial cure wants assistance in the care of his flock he applies to the Order of Les Socurs de la Charite. Two of them (for they generally go in couples), set out on their charitable mission; wherever they travel their dress protects them. "Even more enlightened persons than the common peasantry hail it as a happy omen when on a journey with a Soeur de la Charite happens to travel with them, and even instances are recorded in which their presence has saved travelers from the attacks of robbers." During the Revolution they were

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rarely molested. They were the only religious order permitted openly to wear their dress and pursue their vocation. Government gives a hundred francs a year to each Sister, besides her traveling expenses; and if the parish where they go cannot maintain them, they are supported out of the funds of the order. In old age they retire to their convents and spend the rest of their lives in educating the novitiates. Thus, like the vestal virgins of old, the first part of their life is spent learning their duties, the second in practicing them, and the last in teaching them.

XI.

"THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA."

(Written by John Greenleaf Whittier with reference to the work of the Sisters of Mercy at the battle of Buena Vista, during the Mexican war.)

Speak and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican army.
Who is losing? Who is winning? Are they far or come they near?
Look ahead, and tell us, Sister, whither rolls the storm we hear.

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on their souls!"
Who is losing? Who is winning?—"over hill and over plain,
I see but smoke of cannon, clouding through the mountain rain."

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look once more.
"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,
Bearing on in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot and horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its mountain course."

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Look forth once more, Ximena! "Oh! the smoke has rolled away;
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of gray.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of Minon wheels,
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels.

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! Now retreat and now advance!
Right against the blazing cannon showers Pueblo's charging lance!
Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot together fall;
Like a plowshare in the fallow through them ploughs the Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on;
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us who has lost and who has won?
"Alas, alas! I know not, friend and foe together fall,
O'er the dying rush the living; pray my Sisters for them all."

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting; Blessed Mother save my brain!
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain.
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall and strive to rise;
Hasten, Sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes.

"O my heart's love, O my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee;
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Cans't thou hear me? Cans't thou see?
Oh, my husband, brave and gentle! O my Bernal, look once more
On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy! Mercy! all is o'er!"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said;
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly, faintly moaning, fair and young a soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life away;
But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol belt.

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With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her head;
With a sad and bitter feeling look'd she back upon her dead;
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling breath of
pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.

Whisper'd low the dying soldier, press'd her hand and faintly smiled.
Was that pitying face his mother's? Did she watch besides her child?
All his stronger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied;
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmur'd he and died.

"A bitter curse upon them. poor boy, who led thee forth,
From some gentle sad-eyed mother, weeping, lonely in the North!"
Spoke the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her dead,
And turn'd to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which bled.

Look forth once more Ximena! like a cloud before the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains leaving blood and death behind.
Oh! they plead in vain for mercy—in the dust the wounded strive;
Hide your faces, holy angels! O thou Christ of God forgive!

Sink, O night, among thy mountains! let the cool gray shadows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle rolled,
In its sheath the sabre rested and the cannon's mouth grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
Through that long dark night of sorrow worn and faint and lacking
food;
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care they hung,
And the dying foeman bless'd them in a strange and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father, is this evil world of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes spring afresh the Eden flowers;
From its smoking hill of battle love and pity send their prayer,
And still Thy white-wing'd angels hover dimly in our air.

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XII.

CATHERINE ELIZABETH McAULEY.

Miss Catherine Elizabeth McAuley, the foundress of the Order of Sisters of Mercy, ranks high among the notable women whose achievements have enriched the history of the Catholic Church. The religious institution first planted by her in the city of Dublin has spread to such an extent that its branches now spread into at least every quarter of the English-speaking globe. The communities of the Sisters of Mercy in the United States have done excellent work in many fields, but they particularly distinguished themselves as nurses during the unhappy conflict between the North and the South.

Miss McAuley was born September 29, 1787, at Stormanstown, Dublin, Ireland. She was the daughter of pious, well-known and respectable parents. Her father was especially prominent by reason of his goodness to the poor and the unfortunate. One of his regular practices was to have all the poor of the vicinity come to his house on Sundays and holidays for the purpose of instructing them in their religion. Both father and mother died when the subject of this sketch was very young.

Shortly after this unfortunate event Catherine was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. William Callahan, who belonged to a family that was distantly connected with the mother of Miss McAuley. Her foster-parents, although very worthy people, were bitterly prejudiced against the religion practiced by their adopted child. They were so opposed to anything Catholic that they would not permit a crucifix or a pious picture in the house. Despite this, Cath-

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erine attended to her religious duties with great regularity and fidelity, and by her gentleness succeeded in disarming any anger or annoyance that they might have otherwise felt regarding her course.

She was a model of all the virtues, and this fact did not escape the attention of her foster-parents. Dean Gaffney, writing of her at this period, says: "Everyone who had distress to be relieved, affliction to be mitigated, troubles to be encountered, came to her, and to the best of her ability she advised them what to do. Her zeal made her a missionary in her district." In these works of charity and usefulness she continued for several years, during which she was rendering herself dearer and dearer to her adopted parents. In the course of a few years both these estimable people died, but not before the gentle foster-child had led both of them into the Catholic Church. Catherine was left the sole heiress of Mr. Callahan, and at once made arrangements for systematically distributing food and clothing to the poor.

Miss McAuley was now in a position to realize her early vision of founding an institution in which servants and other women of good character might, when out of work, find a temporary home and be shielded from the dangers to which the unprotected members of the sex are exposed. She unfolded her plans to the Very Rev. Dr. Armstrong and Very Rev. Dr. Blake, her spiritual advisers.

"It was deemed advisable," says Dean Murphy, writing of this, "not to take a house already built and occupied for other purposes, and which she would have some difficulty in adapting to her own designs, but to secure a plot of ground that had never been built upon, and to erect an

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edifice for the honor and glory of God that had never been profaned by the vices and folly of the world, and which should be as holy in its creation as in its use, and be dedicated to God from its very foundation." The building was constructed and put into operation within a reasonably short time. When finished it was discovered that the architect had created a building which for all purposes could be used as a convent.

This was regarded as a fortunate mistake. In the beginning Miss McAuley had no thought of founding a religious institute, but in working out the ideas that were near to her heart she imperceptibly and almost unconsciously drifted towards that end. Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish liberator, was a friend and patron of Miss McAuley, and frequently visited her establishment, which he regarded as filling a long-felt want in the Irish capital. In 1827 O'Connell presided over a Christmas dinner given by Miss McAuley to the poor children of Dublin.

In 1828, at the suggestion of the Archbishop of the Diocese, she formed the Order of the Sisters of Mercy. There had been a "Royal, Military and Religious Order of Our Lady of Mercy," dating back to the twelfth century, and this new order, founded by a pious young woman, was largely based upon the old one, except that it was intended for women and not for men. Miss McAuley frequently said that what she desired was to found an order whose members would combine the silence, recollection and prayer of the Carmelite with the active zeal of a Sister of Charity. It seems to be generally conceded that she succeeded in achieving her purpose. Three words, "works of mercy," briefly tell the story of the character of the labors of the Sisters of Mercy. Miss McAuley did not finally

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complete her laudable plan without having to overcome many obstacles, and to set aside some very bitter opposition, part of which came, not only from her own relatives, but from bishops and priests as well.

A few years after the dedication of her institute Miss McAuley and a few chosen companions decided that the high purpose to which they had consecrated their lives could be carried out if they would enter the religious state. They were admitted to one of the convents of the Presentation Order, and after a novitiate lasting one year she and her companions received the religious habit.

In October, 1831, she professed and was canonically appointed by the Archbishop as Superior of the new order. The costume worn by the members of the order was devised by Mother Catherine, as she was thereafter called. The Order grew rapidly in numbers and in prominence. The life of its first Mother and foundress was active and edifying. Her labors were not confined to any particular work, but embraced everything that was in the interest and for the benefit of the poor and unfortunate. In 1832 she won enduring laurels by assuming charge of the cholera hospital in Dublin.

She died on November 11, 1837, resigned and happy, and furnished an example of pious fortitude to the Sisters that crowded about her deathbed. The Order that she founded, as it exists to-day, is her best monument. Beginning in Ireland in 1827 it was afterwards successfully introduced into England, Newfoundland, Australia, New Zealand, South America and the United States of America.

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XIII.

CLERICAL VETERANS.

Notre Dame, Indiana, enjoys the distinction of a Grand Army Post composed of Catholic clergymen, most of whom are members of the faculty of Notre Dame University. The organization was officially entered on October 6, 1897, as Post No. 569, Department of Indiana. Very Rev. William E. Corby, C. S. C., the commander of the new post, was chaplain of the Irish Brigade, and is now the provincial, or head officer, of the order of the Holy Cross in the United States. Dr. Corby is also the chaplain of the Indiana Commandery of the Loyal Legion. To this position he was nominated by General Lew Wallace.

The membership of the new post will be very small, but large enough to have a few famous fighters and great men of the war. With the exception of Colonel William E. Haynes, the only lay member, the post is composed altogether of members of the congregation of the Holy Cross. The following complete the roster:

Very Rev. William Corby, C. S. C., chaplain Eighty-eighth New York Vounteers, Irish Brigade.

Rev. Peter P. Cooney, C. S. C., chaplain Thirty-fifth Medina.

James McLain (Brother Leander), C. S. C., B Company, Twenty-fourth United States Infantry.

William A. Olmsted, C. S. C., captain and lieutenant colonel Second Infantry, New York Volunteers, colonel Fifty-ninth New York Veteran Volunteers; brigadier general by brevet, commandery First Brigade, Second Division, Second Army Corps, Army of the Potomac.

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Mark A. Willis (Brother John Chrysostom, C. S. C.), I Company, Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Nicholas A. Bath (Brother Cosmos, C. S. C.), D Company, Second United States Artillery.

James Mantle (Brother Benedict, C. S. C.), A Company, First Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery and Sixth United States Cavalry.

John McInerny (Brother Eustathius, C. S. C.), H Company, Eighty-third Ohio Volunteers.

Joseph Staley (Brother Agathus, C. S. C.), C Company, Eighth Indiana Regulars.

Ignatz Mayer (Brother Ignatius, C. S. C.), C Company, Seventy-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers and One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania Voluteers.

James C. Malloy (Brother Raphael, C. S. C.), B Company, One Hundred and Thirty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Colonel William E. Haynes.

General Olmsted, who is studying for the priesthood, is much interested in the little gathering. He is justly proud of the work of his men in the celebrated Hancock's Division. He refers to the Government reports in every case as proof of the bravery of his soldiers. The General said not long ago in an interview: "Very much that is said of me is not true, but to show you that my men were brave, I give you the reports from the department at Washington." The General read: " 'The losses of the First Brigade, Second Division, Second Corps—my brigade—were greater in the battle of Gettysburg than those that occurred to any one brigade in the army. There was, beside, a total casualty of 763 killed and wounded out of 1246 men at Antietam, a percentage of 61."

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Father Corby has the honor of being the only chaplain to give absolution under fire. The event of his giving absolution at Gettysburg to the Irish Brigade is the best known of his achievements in chaplain life. It is said that every man, Catholic and Protestant, knelt before the rock upon which he stood, and the colors were lowered. Then they went out and fought, and how many fell upon that bloody field is too well known to be repeated. Father Corby, although an old man, is hale and hearty, and does all his work as provincial of the order without the aid of a secretary.

Rev. Peter Cooney also has a brilliant war record, but he and Father Corby are by no means the only two who went to war from Notre Dame. In all there were eight priests who went forth to service as chaplains in the war. Beside these Mother Mary Angela, a cousin of James G. Blaine, went forth with a large number of sisters to nurse the wounded and care for the dying. To these also great praise is due.

There was much enthusiasm in Notre Dame over the organization exercises, and among those present or who sent their congratulations were General Lew Wallace, General Mulholland, of Philadelphia; Colonel J. A. Smith, of Indianapolis; General J. A. Golden, of New York; General William J. Sewall, Colonel R. S. Robertson, of Fort Wayne; General J. A. Starburg, of Boston; Captain Florence McCarthy, of New York; Captain Emil A. Dapper, of Grand Rapids; Captain J. J. Abercrombie, of Chicago; Department Commander James S. Dodge, with his full staff. The G. A. R. post from Elkhart and two posts from South Bend helped to muster in the clerical veterans. Commendatory messages were also received from a large number of posts and leaders in the G. A. R.

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XIV.

CATHOLICS IN THE WAR.

St. Teresa's Church, at the northeast corner of Broad and Catherine streets, was temporarily used as a hospital for wounded soldiers during the war. On July 4, 1897, Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor, one of the eloquent priests of the diocese of Philadelphia, delivered an address in this church, relative to Catholics in the war. A score of Grand Army posts attended the exercises, which were also honored by the presence of the venerable Hugh Lane, who has been pastor of the church during and since the war. Father O'Connor's address deserves a place in this volume. He said:

"The sacred edifice in which you assemble is an appropriate spot for religion and patriotism to meet, for St. Teresa's Church was for a time in the Civil War a military hospital. The old railway station at Broad and Prime streets was the rendezvous of the Union troops from the North and East going to and from the seat of war. The gleaming cross upon the church seemed lifted in benediction over army after army marching past. The poet Byron represents the forest of Ardennes as weeping over the 'unreturning brave' of Waterloo, but the sign of man's redemption may have lifted up many a Catholic soldier's heart destined to be stilled in the next battle. These walls, now bright with light and color, have re-echoed the moans of the dying. The venerable priest whose gracious presence lends dignity and historic interest to this celebration prepared here many a soldier for the last dread fight with death, the universal conqueror. I seem to behold, mingling with your

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solid phalanx, the shadowy forms of the brave men who were delivered from the storm and earthquake of battle to breathe out their spirits here in the peace of the sanctuary.

"Far be it from me to limit to the Catholic breast that noble fire of the love of country, which with purifying flame burned in the great heart of the nation when war sounded the trumpet call to the children of the republic. It is occasion that shows the man. Our Civil War was an occasion that showed our Church. The legislative code of England was disgraced, even in Victoria's reign by the calumny and the imbecility of penal laws against Catholics. To be a Catholic was to be a traitor. In vain did we appeal to history, which crowns with laurels the brows of unnumbered Catholic patriots and heroes in every land of the universal Church. The Thundering Legion fought for the Roman Emperor, who decreed its martyrdom. The fleet of Protestant England was led against the Armada of Catholic Spain by a Catholic in the service of a Queen who sent his fellow-religionists to the stake on account of their faith. The patriotism of the Catholic is motived by his religion. It rises superior to the form in which civil government may be embodied. Were the Pope, as temporal prince, to invade our country we should be bound in conscience to repel him, nor would our patriotism conflict one iota with our religious faith.

"Our people, driven by misgovernment from their native soil, found the portals of the great Republic flung open to them in friendly welcome. They came to the North and to the West. Thus the great centres of industry in the Northern States were crowded with Catholics. Most of us had learned the bitter les-

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sons which tyranny, bad government and religious rancor have to impart under the scourge of England's misrule of Ireland. As Bourke Cockran says, England's treatment of the Irish people has made the world distrust her. Ireland's love for America dates from before the Revolution. The Irish Parliament passed resolutians of sympathy with the American colonists. The great tides of immigration from Ireland set in early and continued until, at the outbreak of the Civil War, the North was one-fourth Celtic in blood.

"The Catholic Church studiously refrained from any official pronouncement upon the causes of the conflict which she deplored. The first regiment to respond to President Lincoln's initial call for troops was the Sixty-ninth New York. It was mainly Irish and Catholic. Within 48 hours it was on its way to the front. New York, pre-eminently a Catholic State, furnished one-seventh of the military forces in the war for the Union.

"Obviously the Government had no reason for recording the religious faith of its soldiers. Patriotism is at once a natural and a civic virtue. That it may be supernaturalized is evident from the words of St. Paul, bidding us obey the higher powers for conscience sake. The country had to face a condition, not a theory, and whatever abstract reasoning has to say about State rights, the will of the majority of the people, which is the supreme law in a republic, decided for the maintenance of the Federal Union. The best traditions of the country, North and South, identified liberty with union. God appears to have made the country one in geographical formation, in sameness of language, in homogeneity of character.

"Two illustrious Catholic prelates, recognized as

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leaders in Israel—the Moses and the Joshua of the Church—Archbishop Kendrick, of Baltimore, and Archbishop Hughes, of New York, declared in favor of the Union. The sainted sage of the primatial city flung the starry banner from the pinnacle of his Cathedral. The Archbishop of New York was so thoroughly identified with the cause of the Union that he was invested by the President and his Secretary of State with the authority of envoy extraordinary to the courts of Europe.

"Unroll the military records of our country and you will read column after column of names that are historically Catholic. Read the names on the tombstones of soldiers in the great national cemeteries and you will find in the Christian name alone confirmatory evidence of the faith of the hero that sleeps beneath. The Catholic knows that the Church imposes in baptism the name of a saint. We may safely judge that he is a Catholic who bears the name of Patrick and Michael, of Bernard and Dominic. Not even the conservative spirit of the Church of England could retain the old saintly nomenclature, and Puritanism chose the names of Old Testament worthies or names taken from natural history and even heathen mythology.

"If we reckon our soldiers by their religion, the majority would be Catholic and we should find that we had given our children in far greater number than any one denomination. On the second day of Gettysburg a Catholic priest, ascending an eminence, lifted his hand to give absolution, and far as the eye could reach rank upon rank of soldiers bent their heads like cornfields swept by the summer breeze. Hancock, the "superb," impressed by the solemnity of the scene, bared his brow.

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If the poet thought that a tear should fall for Stonewall Jackson because he spared Barbara Frietchie's Union flag, will not a Catholic murmur a prayer for the great general who gave heed to the priest calling upon his people to be contrite for their sins in the hour which for many would be the last?

"The seven successive stormings of the heights of Fredericksburg by the Irish Brigade has long passed into history as surpassing Alma and the Sedan. Keenan's cavalry charge at Chancellorsville saved the Union army at the cost of 300 lives. The charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava was described by a French officer as magnificent, but unmilitary—'C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.' But Keenan's charge was both glorious and strategic. His troop rushed like a whirlwind upon 20,000 Confederates. His men were shot down or sabered in the saddle. The steeds, maddened by wounds and uncontrolled by their dead riders, plunged into the thick of the Confederate ranks, and so disconcerted and appalled them that the main army of the Union had time to save itself from otherwise inevitable destruction. Perhaps the most critical point of the war was the success or the failure of Sheridan's devastation of the Shenandoah Valley, which was the great base of supplies for the South. Sheridan's historic ride, which saved the day at Winchester, was the exploit of a Catholic. The Republic subsequently conferred upon this son of the Church one of the highest and most responsible positions in her keeping, the generalship of her armies.

"One of the first, if not the first band of trained nurses that offered their services to the Government was the religious society of the Sisters of Charity. Their title is their history. Their services in hospitals and on

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the field did more than tomes of controversy to make the Catholic Church better known, and consequently loved, by the American people. The convalescing soldier by word and by letter spread the information throughout the land that the ministrations of the Catholic Sisterhood reminded him of a mother's love and a sister's tenderness.

"The heroic devotion to duty of the Catholic chaplains, who made no distinction of religion when a soldier was to be helped, endeared the Catholic religion to many who met a Catholic priest for the first time in camp or hospital. Our own noble-hearted Archbishop rendered such service to the wounded soldiers in St. Louis that the Government offered him a chaplaincy. Care of the body was often supplemented with the higher care of the soul. In that parting hour, when mortality leans upon the breast of religion, the example of devoted priest and religious gently led many a soul into the hope and the consolation of divine faith.

"God grant that our country shall never again reel under the shock of war! Yet out of the nettle of danger has come the flower of safety. Calumny, suspicion, distrust of our patriotism were struck dumb. Never again shall we be taunted with secret antipathy to free institutions. The banner of the stars was rebaptized in our blood. To the soldier of the war the Church owes a debt of gratitude. He proved often by his death that the religion which he professed, far from condemning his patriotism, commended it as a virtue, and the faith that sustained him in battle supported him when his heart poured out the blood of supreme sacrifice upon the altar of his country. And though no memorial marks his resting place the Church in every mass pleads for the repose of his soul.

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"The soldier stands as the highest value which we place upon our country and her institutions. He says to all: 'My country is worth dying for.' In our thoughtless way we take liberty, security of life and property, the blessings of religion and safeguards of law and all the beauty and amenity of our civilization as a matter of course. Without the soldier all these goods would perish. It is war that preserves and protects peace. The soldier is the guardian of our homes. Honor him; make peaceful and happy his declining years. Thank God with David for preparing our hands for the sword, before whose blinding ray, in the hand of the hero, domestic treason and foreign conspiracy slink into their dens. Bless God for making us a nation of soldiers, as well as of citizens. The war proved that the American soldier, North and South, is without a peer in bravery, in discipline, in self-control. Whilst our Republic gives birth to such heroic sons we may laugh armed Europe to scorn.

"Soldiers, there is another battle, another field, a greater Captain than even the archangel who led the embattled seraphim to war. You divine my meaning. Be soldiers of the cross! Fight the good fight of faith. Be sober, pure, charitable. The laurel that binds the warrior's brow on earth soon fades. The flowers of Decoration Day droop with the setting sun. But the Divine Captain of our salvation will place upon your brow, if you are faithful to the end, a crown that fadeth not away, a wreath which you will receive amid the shout of the heavenly armies."

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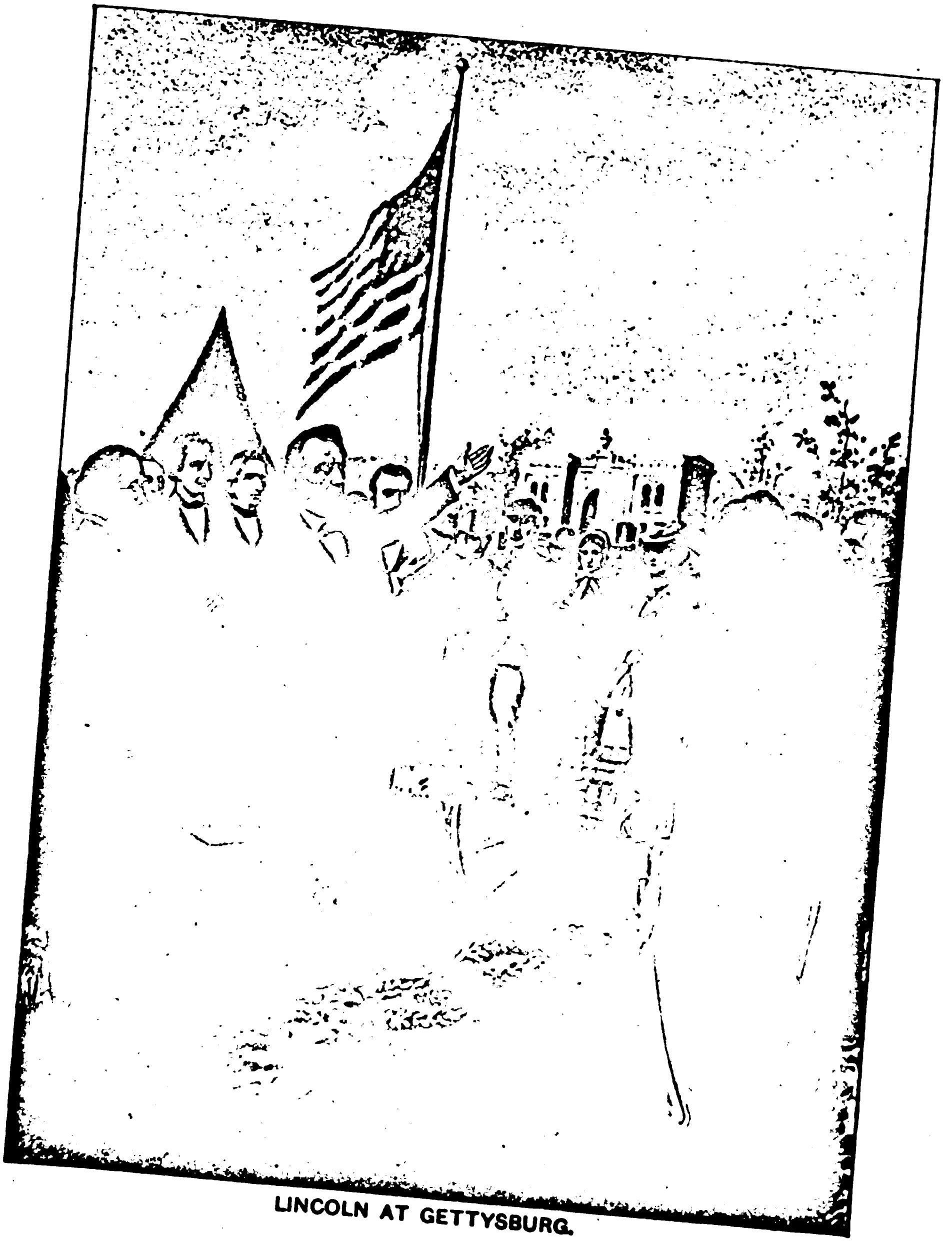

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.

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XV.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

The purpose of the writer of this history, as already stated, has been to furnish for the first time a full and detailed story of the labors of the Catholic Sisterhoods in the Civil War, but in doing that he has not had the slightest intention of detracting from the splendid service rendered by other bodies and other persons. One of the most notable organizations that contributed its part in the humane work incident to the war was the Sanitary Commission. It had its rise in a spontaneous movement of the women in New England. It is said that 7000 branch Aid Societies were connected with the Commission at one time. Charles J. Stille, of Philadelphia, has written a history of the Commission, from which most of the facts embodied in this sketch have been obtained. Committees were sent to Washington, and after much negotiation, involving tedious delay on the part of the Government, the Secretary of War, on the 9th of June, 1861, issued an order appointing Henry W. Bellows, D. D., Professor A. D. Boche, LL. D., Professor Jeffries Wyman, M. D., W. H. Van Buren, M. D., Wolcott Gibbs, M. D., R. C. Wood, surgeon U. S. A.; G. W. Cullom, U. S. A.; Alexander E. Shiras, U. S. A., in connection with such others as they might chose to associate with them, "a commission of inquiry and advice in respect of the sanitary interests of the United States forces." They were to serve without remuneration from the Government and were to be provided with a room for their use in the city of Washington.

They were to direct their inquiries to the principles

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and practices connected with the inspection of recruits and enlisted men, the sanitary condition of volunteers, to the means of preserving and restoring the health and of securing the general comfort and efficiency of the troops, to the proper provision of cooks, nurses and hospitals, and to other subjects of a like nature. The mode by which they proposed to conduct these inquiries was detailed in the letter of the New York delegation to the Secretary of War on the 22d of May. The order appointing them directed that they should correspond freely with the department and with the Medical Bureau concerning these subjects, and on this footing and within these limits their relations with the official authorities were established. To enable them to carry out fully the purposes of their appointment the Surgeon General issued a circular letter announcing the creation of the Commission, and directing all the officers in his department to grant its agents every facility in the prosecution of their duties.

On the 12th of June the gentlemen named as Commissioners in the order of the Secretary of War (with the exception of Professor Wyman, who had declined his appointment) assembled at Washington. They proceeded to organize the Board by the selection of the Rev. Dr. Bellows as president. Their first care was to secure the services of certain gentlemen as colleagues, who were supposed to possess special qualifications, but whose names had not been included in the original warrant. Accordingly Dr. Elisha Harris and Dr. Cornelius R. Agnew were unanimously chosen Commissioners at the first meeting, and George T. Strong and Dr. J. S. Newberry in like manner at the one next succeeding. At different periods during the war Rt. Rev. Bishop

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Clark, Hon. R. W. Burnet, Hon. Mark Skinner, Hon. Joseph Holt, Horace Binney, Jr., Rev. J. H. Heywood, Prof. Fairman Rogers, J. Huntingdon Wolcott, Charles J. Stille, E. B. McCagg and F. Law Olmstead were elected by the Board members of the Commission.

At the first meeting a "Plan of Organization," prepared by the president, was presented, discussed and finally adopted. On the 13th the Commission, in a body, waited on the President and Secretary of War, who gave their formal sanction to this plan of organization by affixing to it their signatures. The experiences of the war suggested but little alteration, even in the outline of this report, while to a strict adherence to the general principles it embodied the Sanitary Commission owed much of its wonderful success.

The plan reduced to a practical system and method the principles laid down in the letters of the New York gentlemen to the Government authorities and endeavored to apply them to the actual existing condition of the army. Confining its proposed operations within the limited sphere of "inquiry" and "advice," which had been assigned to it by the Government, it declared what it proposed to do and by what methods in each of these departments of duty.

In order that its work might be carried on systematically and thoroughly two general committees were created, one respecting "inquiry," the other "advice." The object of the first was to determine by all the light which could be derived from experience what must necessarily be the wants and conditions of troops brought together as ours had been, to ascertain exactly how far evils which had proved the scourge of other armies had already invaded our own, and to decide concerning the

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best measures to be adopted to remove all causes of removable and preventable disease.

Each branch of "inquiry" under this head was referred to a distinct sub-committee. From the first was expected such suggestions of preventable measures as experience in former wars had proved to be absolutely essential; to the second was entrusted the actual inspection, by its own members or their agents, of the camps and hospitals, so that the real condition of the army, in a sanitary point of view, concerning which there were many conflicting rumors, could be definitely known. To the third was referred all questions concerning the improvement of the health and efficiency of the army in respect to diet, clothing, quarters and matters of a similar nature.

In regard to the other branch of duty assigned to the Commission under its appointment, that of "advice," the Board took the same wide and comprehensive views as had guided them in regard to the needful subjects of inquiry. Their purpose was to "get the opinions and conclusions of the Commission approved by the Medical Bureau, ordered by the War Department and carried out by the officers and men."

The interest excited in thousands of homes throughout the land, whose inmates were members of aid societies in favor of the Sanitary Commission, and who looked upon it only as the almoner of their vast offerings for the relief of the army, led to the popular error that it was only a relief association upon a grand scale and quite overshadowed in popular estimation its original purpose, if not the peculiar and exclusive work before it. The Commission itself, however, never departed from the true scientific idea and conception of a preventive sys-

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tem, and always regarded the relief system, vast as was the place occupied by it in the war, as inferior in the importance of its results to those due to well considered and thoroughly executed preventive measures.

The Commission at the close of the war established a pension bureau and war claim agency for the benefit of disabled soldiers and their orphans and widows. The entire money receipts of the Commission from 1861 to 1866 were $4,924,480.99, and the value of supplies furnished is estimated at $15,000,000.

XVI.

"THE BLUE AND THE GRAY."

"By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep on the ranks of the dead—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory
In the dusk of eternity meet—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe—

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Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So when the summer calleth.
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done:
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red:
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray."

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XVII.

A MIRACLE OF THE WAR.

The following interesting little incident is taken from V. Rev. W. C. Corby's book, entitled "Memoirs of Chaplain Life:"

"On the 29th of November, 1863," says Rev. Constantine L. Egan, O. P., chaplain of the Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers, "we advanced to Mine Run and formed a line of battle and bivouacked for the night. The enemy were posted on the east ridge, about one mile from the stream called Mile Run, on a centre ridge nearly 100 feet above the surface of the stream. Their works could easily be seen by us posted on the west ridge of the run. They were strongly fortified, their works bristling with abatis, infantry parapets and epaulements for batteries. About 3 o'clock on the evening of the 30th the order was given to charge the enemy's line. Seeing the danger of death before us I asked the colonel to form his regiment into a solid square so that I could address the men. He did so. I then spoke to them of their danger, and entreated them to prepare for it by going on their knees and making a sincere act of contrition for their sins, with the intention of going to confession if their lives were spared.

"As the regiment fell on their knees, other Catholic soldiers broke from their ranks and joined us, so that in less than two minutes I had the largest congregation I ever witnessed before, or even since. Having pronounced the words of general absolution to be given in such emergencies and danger, I spoke a few words of encouragement to them.

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* * * "After talking to the soldiers and finishing my remarks, they arose from their knees, grasping their muskets with a firm clinch, and went back to their respective commands, awaiting the hour to expire to make the assault."

Smith Johnson, taking this as his theme, has written the following poem, entitled "A Miracle of War," and dedicated it to Father Corby:

Two armies stood in stern array
  On Gettysburg's historic field—
This side the blue, on that the gray—
Each side resolved to win the day,
Or life to home and country yield.

"Take arms!" "Fall in!" rang o'er the line
  Of Hancock's ever-valiant corps—
For to the left the cannons chime
With music terribly sublime,
  With death's unceasing, solemn roar.

With spirits ardent, undismayed,
  With flags uplifted toward the sky,
There stands brave Meagher's old brigade
Those noble laurels ne'er will fade
  Upon the page of history.

"All forward, men!" No, pause a while—
  Dead silence follows like parade
At "order arms," for 'long the file
There moves a priest with holy smile—
  The priest of Meagher's old brigade.

All eyes were toward him reverent turned,
  For he was known and loved by all,
And every face with fervor burned,
And with a glance his mission learned—
  A mission of high Heaven's call.

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Then spake the priest: "My comrades, friends,
Ere long the battle fierce will surge,
Ere long the curse of war descends—
At such a moment God commends
You from the soul all sin to purge.

"Kneel, soldiers; lift your hearts to God,
In sweet contrition crush the pride
Of human minds; kneel on the sod
That soon will welter in your blood—
Look up to Christ, who for you died."

And every man, whate'er his creed,
Kneels down, and whispers pass along
The ranks, and murmuring voices plead
To be from sin's contagion freed
And turned from path of mortal wrong.

Across the vale the gray lines view
The priest and those who, kneeling now,
For absolution humbly sue,
And joining hearts, the gray and blue,
Together make the holy vow.

* * * * *

The smoke of battle lifts apace,
And o'er the field lie forms of men,
With glazen eyes and pallid face—
Dead—yet alive, for God's sweet grace
Has saved them from the death of sin.

SMITH JOHNSON.

XVIII.

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.

It has been aptly said that the battlefield of Gettysburg has become the "Mecca of American Reconciliation." By act of Congress a National Park has been es-

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tablished there, observatories erected and everything possible done to make the battlefield convenient and attractive to tourists.

The National Cemetery at Gettysburg was dedicated November 19, 1863. The oration was by Edward Everett. On this occasion President Lincoln made the famous address that will never die. It was as follows:

"Four-score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now, we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here. have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it never can forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion. That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

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XIX.

THE FAITH AND THE FLAG.

While the work of the zealous Catholic Sisterhoods on the battlefield and in the camp and hospital was for humanity in its broadest sense the effect of their example and the beauty of their daily lives also had the effect of clearing away the mists of prejudice that sometimes distorted and clouded the views of honorable, well-meaning and worthy non-Catholics. The writer has endeavored to present the history of the labors of the Sisters in a straightforward and dispassionate manner.

He has dealt exclusively in facts and has, as far as possible, avoided comment. It has especially been his aim to keep entirely clear of sectional disputes or religious controversies. Hence it will be found that the story of the work of the Sisters has reference, in the main, to their devotion to suffering humanity. It was inevitable, however, that men living in the atmosphere of sanctity created by these good women should feel the consoling benefit of their silent influence. The result was that non-Catholics began to take a broader and more kindly view of their Catholic comrades and fellow-citizens, and long before the war closed they realized that the faith and the flag were entirely compatible.

A few years ago William J. Onahan, of Chicago, in an address, incidentally touched upon this very point. Speaking of those who were distrustful of the Church and its teachings he said: "If they could realize the harmony and benevolent influence of her teaching, the number of souls redeemed through her efforts and graces from despair and sin, the wounded hearts solaced by her balm—the extent of human misery she has removed or mitigated? Let them but think how that Church has

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consecrated the marriage tie, sanctified the home, shielded the unfortunate, lifted up the lowly and sorrow-stricken, staying the arm of the oppressor, pleading for the rights of the poor against the power of the tyrant and the greed of capital. Witness the asylums and the refuges the Catholic Church has established all over the world for every condition of infirmity and suffering—for the orphans, the foundlings, the sick, the aged, the wayward and the fallen.

"See the admirable sisterhoods—to which no parallel can be found on earth—the Sisters of Charity and Mercy, the Poor Handmaids of Jesus Christ, the Sisters of St. Joseph, the nuns of the Good Shepherd, the Little Sisters of the Poor and countless others, varying in the admirable diversity of their charitable labors. Watch these sisters at their appointed duties in the hospitals and asylums, in the hovels of the poor, by the bedside of the dying—aye, in pesthouses and small-pox hospitals, as well as on the battlefield, ministering to the dying soldier—all bent on doing God's work for God's sake. Assuredly these facts—these daily examples here before our eyes, within reach of our feet in daily walk—assuredly these ought to serve toward dispelling the false glare of prejudice.

"As a preliminary let me say I adopt without reserve or qualification the language of the Baltimore Catholic Congress: 'We rejoice at the marvellous development of our country, and regard with just pride the part taken by Catholics in such development.' In the words of the pastoral issued by the Archbishops of the United States, assembled in the third Plenary Council of Baltimore, 'we claim to be acquainted both with the laws, institutions and spirit of our country, and we emphatically declare that there is no antagonism between them.

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"We repudiate with equal earnestness the assertion that we need to lay aside any of our devotedness to our Church to be true Americans, and the insinuations that we need abate any of our love for our country's principles to be faithful Catholics. We believe that our country's heroes were the instruments of the God of Nations in establishing this home of freedom; to both the Almighty and to His instruments in the work we look with grateful reverence, and to maintain the inheritance of freedom which they have left us, should it ever—which God forbid—be imperiled, our Catholic citizens will be bound to stand forward as one man, ready to pledge anew their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor.'

"Before turning to the question of the 'rights and duties' let me first define what I understand by the term 'Catholic Citizen.' An American citizen, whether by birth or adoption, who, having had the grace of Christian baptism, believes and practices the teachings of the Catholic Church—in other words a practical Catholic. Now we come to the question of 'rights and duties.' What are our rights as citizens? No more, no less, precisely, than those possessed by any other American citizen. What are the rights we in common have with others? In general terms we have the 'right' of enjoying and defending life and liberty, of acquiring, possessing and protecting property and reputation and of pursuing our own happiness.

"We hold, in the language of the Constitution of Illinois, that all men have a natural and indefeasible right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own consciences, that no man can of right be compelled to attend, erect or support any place of worship, or to maintain any ministry against his con-

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sent, that no human authority can in any case whatever control or interfere with the rights of conscience. We have a right to be protected in our persons and property; we cannot be deprived of either without due process of law; the right of free elections, to trial by jury, to equality before the law—but I need not enter into detail of the 'Bill of Rights' which specifies the catalogue of a freeman's inheritance. The highest and most precious right, however, is that of religious freedom, liberty to worship God without let or hindrance and free from religious disabilities of any kind, and next to their own rights as free men, to exercise it as shall best promote the welfare of the city, State and nation.

"Catholics, then, are entitled to absolute equality before the law, and this is according to the letter and spirit of the Constitution of the United States, as well as of the several States now, I believe, without exception. There is nevertheless an unwritten law, which operates as a practical discrimination against Catholics in public life as effectually as though it were so expressed in the Constitution. It is the law of public opinion deriving its force and effect from popular prejudice. It is a well-known fact that neither of the great political parties would dare to nominate a Catholic for the Presidency, and the same is true as to the office of Governor in the different States. Surely it would not be claimed that no American Catholic could be found qualified by position and ability for any of these high offices.

"Eternal vigilance, it has been said, is the price of liberty. Probably if Catholics were alert in asserting their rights—in a just and lawful, as well as in a reasonable manner—there would be less disposition shown to infringe upon

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those rights, and to ignore their claim to representation. Again, the government, whether National or State, has no just claim or authority to deny the rights of conscience to Catholics, whether they be employed in the service of the nation, in the army or naval forces, in penal or reformatory institutions, in asylums, or elsewhere. The State may lawfully and justly deprive a man of his liberty and place him behind prison bars; but it has no right to compel him while there to attend a form of religious worship in which he does not believe; it should not deny or hamper the attendance and ministrations of priest or elder whose services are sought by the prisoner or State's own ward. Justice and sound policy alike demonstrate the wisdom of invoking the services of the Catholic Missionary for Catholics, whether in jail or asylum, or on the frontier.

"General Grant testified that Father De Smet's presence among the Indians was of greater value to the Government than a regiment of cavalry, and recent events on our Northern borders intensify the force of this conclusion. The Catholic missionary is always a peacemaker. Catholics ask nothing in the way of 'privileges.' We have no claim to privileges. We only ask what we are willing to concede to others—equality and fair play. If others are content to minimize religious principles or to abdicate them entirely we must be excused if we insist on holding fast to ours. We are on firm ground in that respect; we do not care to follow others into the "slough of despond." We are persuaded that every vexed question occupying and disturbing the public attention, dividing and distracting the people can be amicably adjusted, provided the wise men of the nation and the States will take these questions out of the

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hands of fanatics and bigots, who are only too eager and anxious to inaugurate a reign of discord and religious strife.

"Catholics, be assured, will have no part in this warfare, beyond protecting and defending their rights—God-given and Constitutional rights. They would be unworthy of American citizenship were they to be content with less.

"We now come to the question of the 'Duties of Catholics as Citizens.' Let it be understood that in undertaking to answer this, as well as the previous question under consideration, I speak for myself only as a Catholic layman. I express my own thoughts and convictions unreservedly. What are the 'duties' referred to? First, and primarily, I should say to be American, in all that the term broadly implies. How do I define the term American? It stands in my mind for liberty, order, education and opportunities. It is the duty of the Catholic citizen to love liberty for its own sake, order for the general good and to illustrate the highest type and model of civic virtue. It is a duty to foster and nourish the purity of home life and the domestic virtues, eagerly to promote education and to make every necessary sacrifice for it, and to see to it that Catholic children shall have the benefit of a sound Christian education. Catholics should avail themselves of the material opportunities and advantages offered in this wonderful age and country, and strive to be in the front ranks in the march of progress.

"The field is wide and inviting, the race is open to all. The privilege of American citizenship should be regarded as precious and priceless. Because so easily acquired, perhaps, it is not sufficiently estimated at its

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true value and worth. Think what American citizenship confers; see what it assures! Equal part and membership in this mighty empire—the equal advantage in its unsurpassed opportunities—the unqualified privileges of its unequaled freedom. No standing armies here to be moved at a monarch's caprice, weighing down and oppressing the nation's energies, draining it of its life blood, sapping its vitality, and, worst evil of all, menacing the peace of the world. No armed 'constabulary' to terrorize over a peasant population and enforce the heartless edict of brutal landlords. No hereditary or favored classes. No obstacle to the unfettered enjoyment of those rights which we possess from God in the natural law, and that are guaranteed to us in the Constitution and laws of the land—the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

"What a future opens before us, what possibilities for ourselves and for our children! Justly are the American people jealous of this inheritance. It must be guarded with vigilant care, lest unworthy hands and evil guidance should put it in peril. American liberty and the opportunities of American life are too precious to the human family to permit the one and the other to be wrecked or endangered. I rejoice in every indication of patriotic public spirit, whether shown in devotion and respect for the country's flag or in reverence and admiration for the nation's heroes. We need all these demonstrations to keep alive in this material age the ardor and purity of true patriotism.

"True American patriotism is the inheritance and monopoly of no one class or condition. Its title is not derived from accident of birth or color, is not to be determined by locality. Montgom-

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ery, Pulaski, Steuben, De Kalb, Rochambeau, the Moylans and Sullivans, fought for American liberty in the Revolutionary days with an ardor and a fidelity at least equal to that displayed by those "native and to the manner born." Jackson was none the less a typical American because of the accident of his father's foreign birth, or, as is sometimes intimated, of his own. And who shall question the patriotic devotion of General Shields, honorably identified with the early history of your own State; of Meagher, of Mulligan, of Sheridan, of Meade and countless others I might name.

"Apprehension is sometimes expressed at the growth of foreign influence and the display of foreign customs, but this fear is after all puerile. Under our system of government the foreigner who comes to stay is soon assimilated, and while there may be here and there instances and examples, the outgrowth of foreign habits and customs, not welcome to American notions, yet these can be only passing and temporary accidents. The foreigner, I insist, is all right, provided he is loyal to American laws and government. We have no use for any other."

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Logan Square, Philadelphia

Nov 22 1897.

Dear Mr Barton,

I beg to thank you for the copy of your book "Angels of the Battlefield" which you were kind enough to send to me. I have read it with great satisfaction and beg to congratulate you on your success in presenting the touching & edifying scenes in which Charity sends her Angels into both camps alike, to heal the sick & console the dying, to chasten triumph & comfort defeat.

The Mission of these "Angels of the Battlefield" was to remove the strong prejudices that impeded the progress of the Church. It was like the mission of Saints Peter & John to the poor lame man at

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the porch that was called beautiful of Solomons temple. The Nation, wounded & crippled by the war, was sent in through the beautiful gate of Catholic charity, to view the true temple of God. And of those who never belonged to the fold of the Catholic Church, how many can cry out with honest Captain Jack Crawford, quoted by you on page 227. "My friends, I am not a Catholic, but I stand ready at any and all times to defend these noble women even with my life, for I owe that life to them."

I earnestly recommend your excellent book to all with whom my opinion may have any influence.

Yours faithfully

P. J. Ryan,

Abp of Phila

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